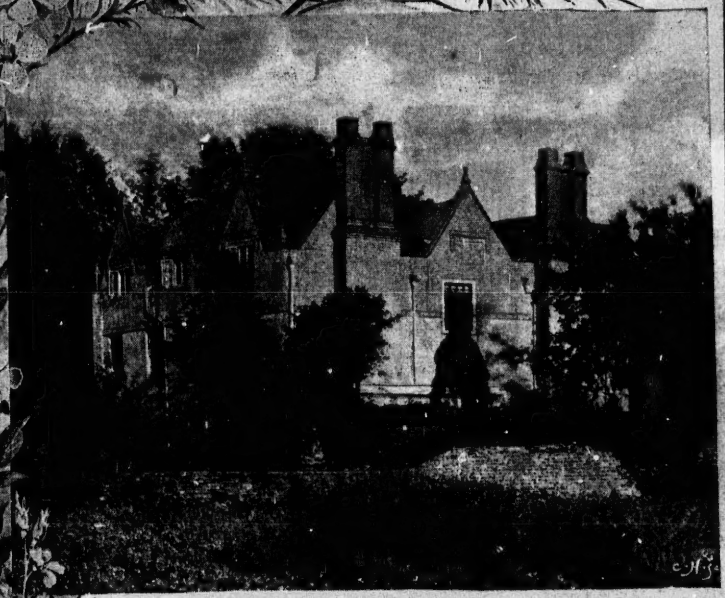
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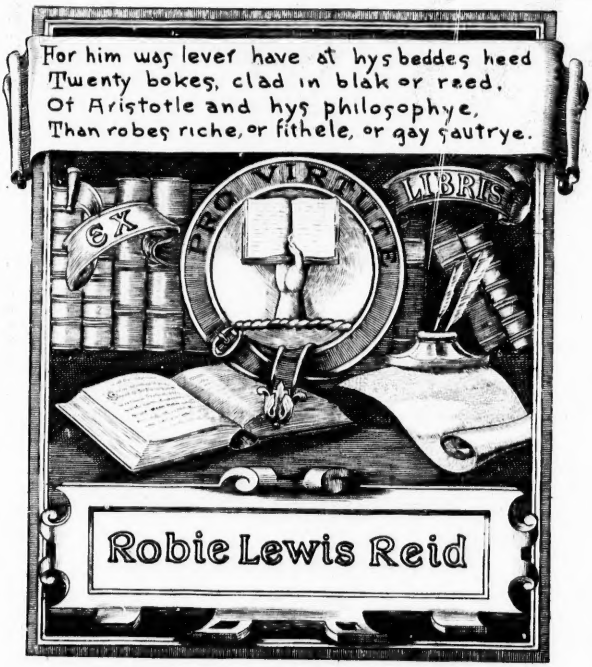
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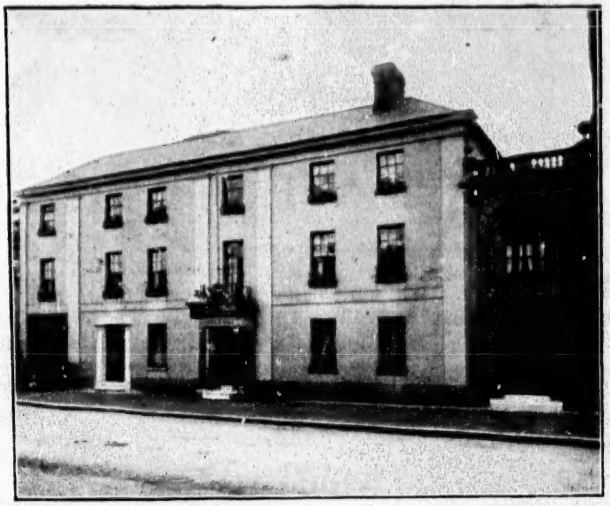
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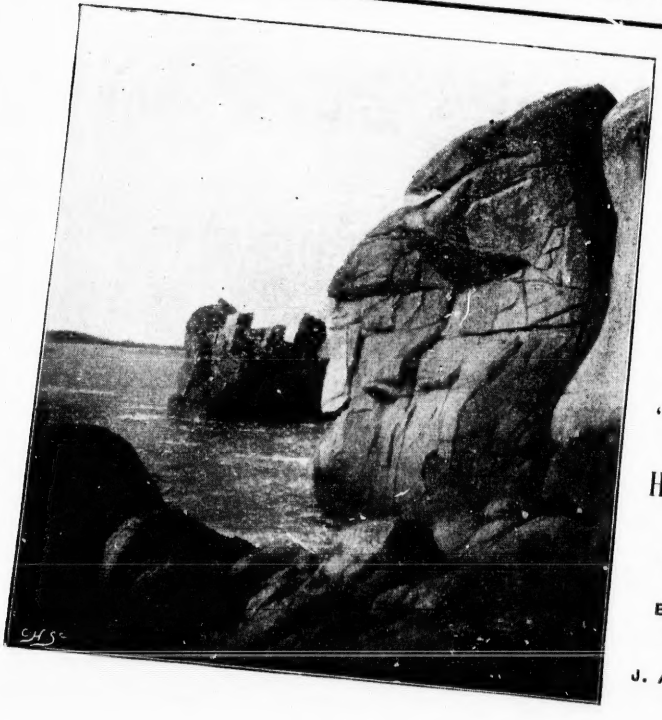
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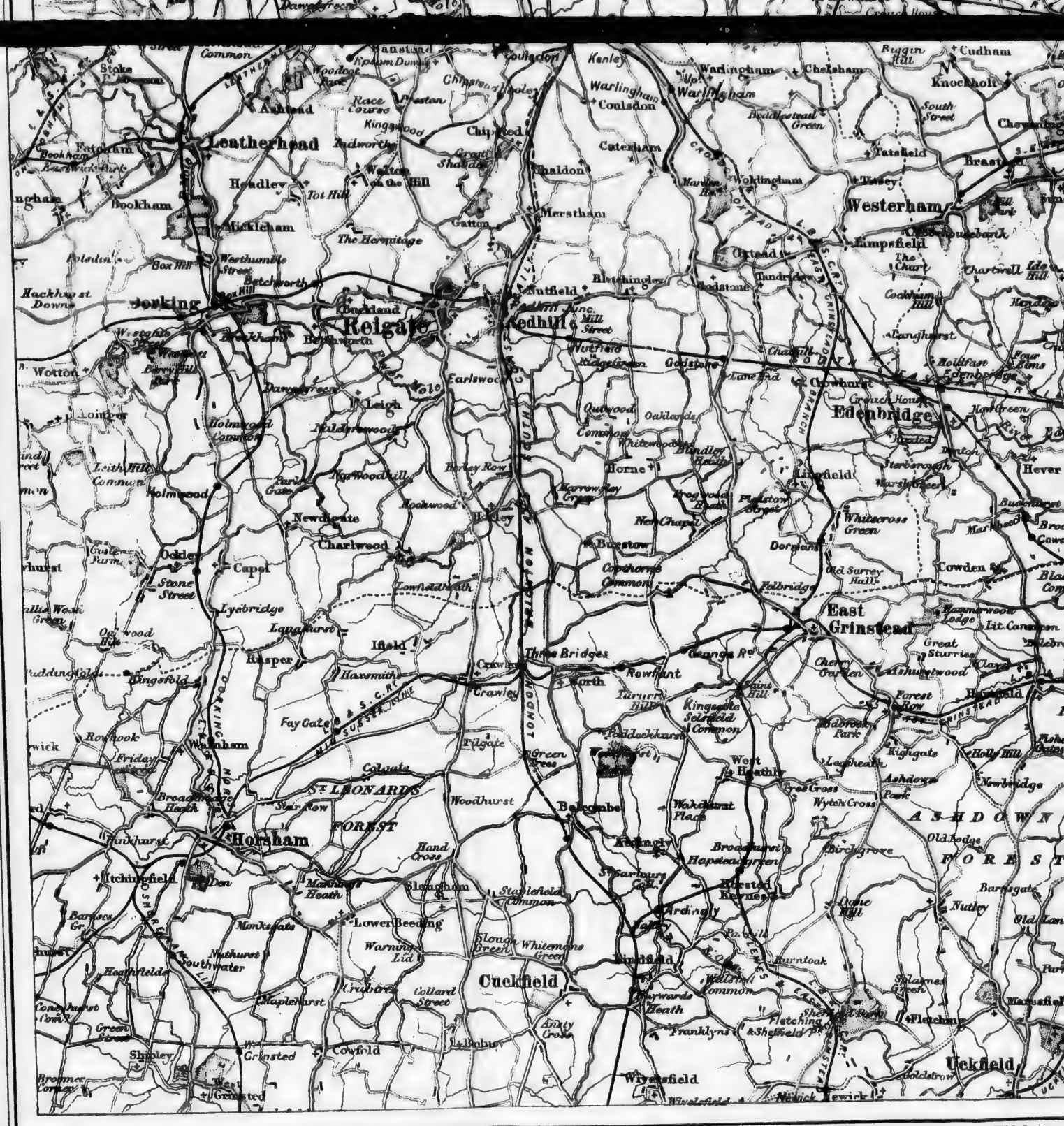
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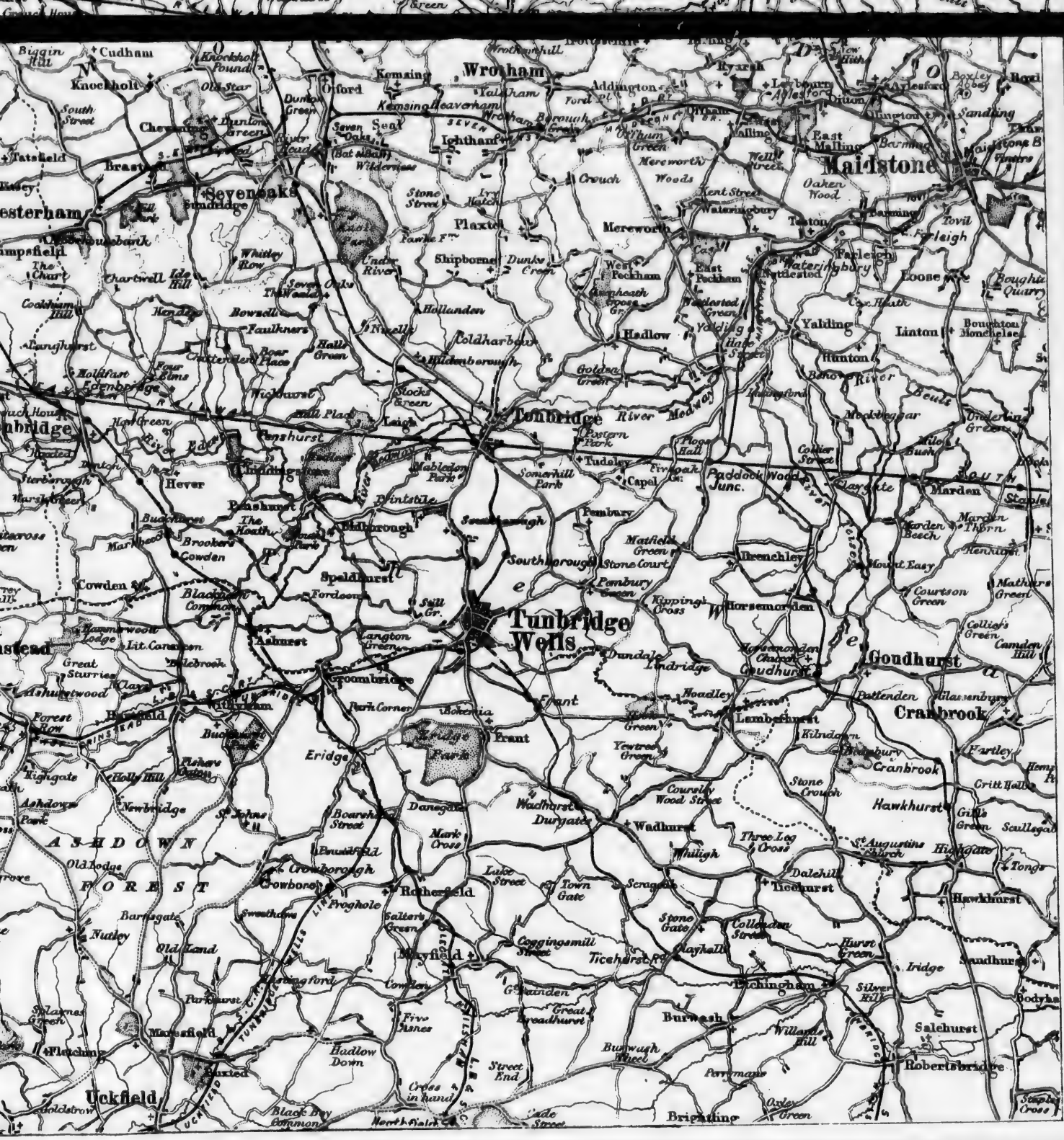
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Groombridge
Langton Green
Bidborough
Penshurst
Fordcombe
Cowden
Hartfield
Withyham
Forest Row
Ashurstwood
Lingfield
Newchapel
Godstone
Oxted
Limpsfield
Westerham
Brasted
Chevening
Knockholt
Halstead
Otford
Kemsing
Seal
Sevenoaks Weald
Dunton Green
Riverhead
Chipstead
Coldharbour
Hildenborough
Golden Green
Hall Place
Leigh
Tudeley
Capel
Somerhill Park
Mabledon Park
Haysden Park
Postern Park
Pembury
Matfield
Stone Court
Kippings Cross
Pembury Green
Southborough
Speldhurst
Bidborough
Ramslye
Bayhall
Collier Street
Paddock Wood Junc.
Claygate
Marden Beech
Marden Thorn
Courtson Green
Collier's Green
Camden Hill
Pattenden
Glassenbury
Kilndown
Hartley
Cranbrook
Stone Cross
Hawkhurst
Gill's Green
Scullegate
Tongs
Dalehill
Ticehurst
Stonegate
Collingham Street
Hurst Green
Silver Hill
Williams Hill
Burwash Weald
Perrymans
Oxley's Green
Staple Cross
Bodiam
Sandhurst
Iridge
Etchingham
Ticehurst
Three Leg Cross
Whilligh
Wadhurst
Durgates
Coursley Wood Street
Stone Crouch
Critt Hall
Scullegate
Augustine's Church
Highgate
Tongs
Dalehill
Ticehurst
Hawkhurst
Gill's Green
Sandhurst
Iridge
Bodiam
Salehurst
Robertsbridge
Burwash
Brightling
Oxley's Green
Staple Cross
Williams Hill
Silver Hill
Hurst Green
Collingham Street
Stonegate
Bayhall
Ticehurst
Coggingsmill Street
Lake Street
Town Gate
Scragate
Mark Cross
Wadhurst
Durgates
Coursley Wood Street
Stone Crouch
Hawkhurst
Gill's Green
Scullegate
Augustine's Church
Highgate
Tongs
Dalehill
Ticehurst
Hawkhurst

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WITH a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to the Author, care of either of the Publishers, they will be personally and gratefully acknowledged.

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[C. Essenhigh Corke.

WESTERHAM.

Photo by]

The Homeland Association's Handbooks—No. 5.

WOLFE-LAND:

A HANDBOOK TO WESTERHAM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY

GIBSON THOMPSON,

MEMBER OF THE KENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LT.-COL. C. A. MADAN WARDE, D.L., J.P.,

AND A CHAPTER ON "FLY FISHING ON THE DARENTH," BY

J. PAUL TAYLOR.

In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

—POPE.

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WOLFE-LAND.

A Handbook to Westerham and its Surroundings.

INTRODUCTION.

In lowly dell, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round.

—THOMSON.



A WOLFE-LAND LANE.

IT is, perhaps, hardly necessary to preface these brief introductory remarks with any expression of my affection for Westerham, or of my interest in its welfare. My family's long connection with it must naturally have made it very dear to me, and neither time nor familiarity has tended to lessen my enjoyment of its lovely surroundings, its health-giving situation and its venerable history. The object of the author, as I understand it, has been to present within the necessarily-limited compass of a popular handbook a passing glimpse of these attractions. How far he has succeeded it may safely be left to the reader to judge, but I venture to think myself that he has at least brought more prominently into general notice

the intimate and interesting connection with Westerham of General Wolfe, a fact which has hitherto undoubtedly been known but to comparatively few. James Wolfe, one of the greatest of the soldiers and most lovable of the men who have assisted in the building of our Empire, was born in the beautiful border town, and both the house in which this event occurred, and the house where he passed the earlier years of his life, still exist, changed but little after the lapse of more than a century. Here in Westerham we cherish many another association with the Conqueror of Quebec, and in our own keeping are the most precious of all the memorials which recall him: his numerous letters, eloquent witnesses to a life of heroism which fitly closed in a hero's death. "Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe," said Carlyle; and his rugged judgment has found an echo in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon race. That Westerham should have nurtured such a man must for ever give it an enduring claim on the regard of our countrymen the world over. Apart from this, "Wolfe-land" is a district of beautiful scenery and old-world villages. Its woods and wild wastes invite the lover of nature to most varied walks; its hills and dales break the landscape into ever-changing prospects. Even the main roads have no element of monotony, and it may be doubted if in the vicinity of London, or even in the South of England, there are carriage drives more charming than those along the Edenbridge, Godstone and Maidstone roads. One is unselfish enough to hope that the author may make these pleasant places better known to a wider circle of those who will appreciate the town for its historical associations, as well as for the beauty of its surroundings, and that Westerham may benefit thereby.

C. A. M. WARDE.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

Learn what the throctle's note may mean,
Die not with eyes that have not seen
This pleasant land —LADY TROUBRIDGE.

THERE are not in this beautiful homeland of ours very many villages, or even small towns, which can boast of having been the birthplace of great men,—men whose deeds have been potent in shaping the developments and destinies of nations. And such as do exist are not usually reticent about their claims upon the notice of the civilised world; nor is the world, or at any rate the educated section of it, slow to recognise the additional charm conferred upon hamlet or house by such an event.

Yet the quiet little Kentish village of Westerham has succeeded—says Mr. A. G. Bradley in his charming monograph on General Wolfe—in keeping almost entirely to itself the notable honour which unquestionably belongs to it—that of having produced the conqueror of Canada. It will be gathered from the following pages that Westerham itself has not failed, within its own quiet and peaceful limits, to cherish the memory of its hero; but the British public generally, to say nothing of our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic, have most certainly never grasped the fact that Wolfe, with whose immortal name and fame they are so familiar, is so closely identified with this beautiful bit of the borderland of Kent and Surrey.

The reticence with which Westerham has borne its honours is the more curious, continues Mr. Bradley, as the hand of time has dealt most tenderly with everything

in the place that can speak to us of the boyhood of the great soldier. The house in which he was born still stands conspicuous as the Vicarage; the house in which he grew from infancy to boyhood still lifts its quaint gables but a stone's throw distant; the church in which he was baptized still looks down on both from its high knoll, but little altered save for some internal restoration, and a graveyard richer by the tombstones and grassy mounds of half-a-dozen generations. By the farther side of the village rise the green slopes and stately groves of Squerryes Court, so indelibly associated with the pastimes and the friendships of Wolfe's early youth, and within which he deposited that bulky packet of faded letters which speak so eloquently of the hopes and high ambitions that animated, the doubts that clouded, the principles that guided, his brief but glorious life.

Westerham lies upon the very fringe of Kent, at a point where several rivulets and springs unite to form the infant Darenth. It is the centre of a district as rural and picturesque as artist's eye could wish; it is encircled by old-world villages, ancient churches and historic homes; it is itself a sunny, restful, healthy hamlet, unspoilt as yet by the Vandal with his bricks. Its slopes run down to the verdant valley which stretches away from Dorking towards Sevenoaks, renowned in popular legend as

> The vale of Holmesdale,
> Never wonne, ne never shall,

whose sturdy dwellers tradition recognises as the "men of Kent," as distinguished from mere "Kentish men"; to the south the wooded charts of the sandstone hills raise their green summits to a height of over eight hundred feet; to the north the breezy chalk downs loom impressively, impassive and unchanged since that remote geological age when they were formed in the depths of an open sea.

And all this glorious district, intersected with ever-varying rambles, and presenting at countless points the most beautiful views, is really inside what may be called the outer circle of suburban London. On the east and west the main lines of railway have swept up to and beyond it, but old-fashioned Westerham still lives in its

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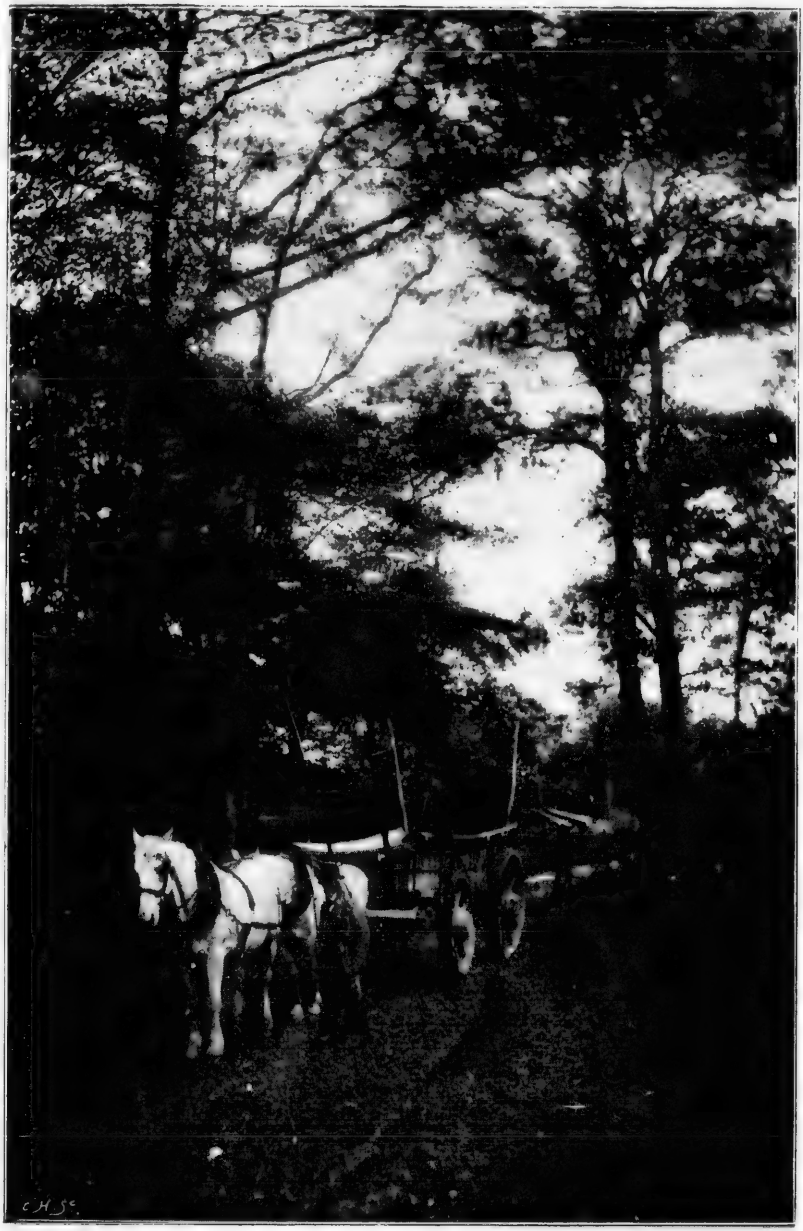


Photo by] HOMEWARD BOUND. [*Percy Lankester.*

historic past, practically unaltered since the days of Wolfe, contentedly unaffected by the bustle and fret of modern progress.

HOW TO GET THERE.

By Rail.—Leaving the metropolis from Charing Cross, Cannon Street or London Bridge, one journeys to this uncut gem of Nature by the main line of the South Eastern Railway as far as Dunton Green, and thence a "change" is made to the little toy line of the Westerham Valley Railway, which has a station at Brasted and its terminus at Westerham, and which looks forward to extending itself, some day, to Limpsfield and Oxted. After quitting London the railways running north traverse long distances before reaching any scenery that is not commonplace; the South Eastern trains pass almost at once out of the smoke and grime of the big city into the charm of a beautiful country. From the "mean streets" and market gardens of Bermondsey and New Cross one whirls through suburban villadom; and at Chislehurst (11 miles), with its pretty houses dotted about wooded undulations, the heavy atmosphere of town is effectually left behind. Then Orpington (13¾ miles) and its strawberry fields, fine sweeps of country flashing into view as the train steams through tunnel and cutting in the chalk. Then by Chelsfield to Halstead (16¼ miles), the station for Knockholt and its famous beeches, and we dive into Polhill tunnel, nearly a mile and a half long, where, in constructing this costly bit of line, the railway engineers found large blocks of coal, strangely inhabiting the chalk through the freaks of a geological "fault." Thence we emerge into the smiling Holmesdale Valley, and there stretches far away on each side a splendid panorama of the Saxon "Caint," the "open country" whence Kent appropriately derives its name. Hop gardens, oast houses, cornfields, and sun-lit farmsteads form a charming rural mosaic; while on the right are the tree-crowned slopes of Polhill, and far away to the left range the hills above Otford and the castled vale of the Darenth. At Dunton Green (20¼ miles) the local train is waiting our arrival, and on its single line of rails it takes us westward along the Holmesdale Valley, through Brasted, to our destination (25 miles).

By Kentish Roads.—From London Bridge it is not an attractive jaunt, either for pedestrian or cyclist, to New Cross ($3\frac{3}{4}$ miles), where we turn to the right at the "Marquis of Granby," and leave the granite setts and tram-lines for passable macadam roads. Then Lewisham Bridge (5), straight on through Rushey Green (6), and up to Southend ($7\frac{1}{2}$), after which it is a stiff ascent to Bromley (10). At the "Bell Hotel" turn to the right, and ascend by Mason's Hill ($10\frac{1}{2}$), whence it is a good run to Bromley Common (12). At the Church turn sharply to the right, and there is a long ascent to the thirteenth milestone at Keston Mark. We continue to climb, past the "Fox" at Keston ($14\frac{1}{2}$), Leaves Green ($15\frac{1}{2}$) and South Street ($18\frac{3}{4}$). Soon we reach our highest point (over 800 feet above sea-level) and a magnificent prospect at the summit of Westerham Hill, down which it is eminently desirable for the cyclist to walk; cross in our descent the intersecting Pilgrims' Way; and from the twentieth milestone it is a pleasant run down to Westerham Station, a little over 21 miles from our starting point.

By Surrey Roads.—Another route from London Bridge goes by way of Brixton ($3\frac{1}{4}$ miles), Streatham ($5\frac{1}{4}$) and Thornton Heath (8) to Croydon ($9\frac{1}{2}$). Keep straight on through the town and beyond it until you turn to the left near the "Red Deer" inn (11). Thence it is a steep climb up to Sanderstead ($12\frac{3}{4}$), and a steadier rise to Warlingham ($14\frac{1}{4}$); beyond this the main road ascends gradually by Worms Heath ($15\frac{1}{2}$) to Botley Hill, where there is a splendid prospect from the height (875 feet) to which we have ascended. Then turn to the left and take the left-hand road of the two that present themselves. The "Dangerous" board refers to the right-hand road, which is precipitous. It passes Titsey Church, a mile away; skirts Titsey Park; and leads up through Limpsfield to the turnpike road from Godstone to our destination, Westerham, by this deviation, being 5 miles from Botley Hill. Our road gradually descends to Tatsfield Church, and the second danger board refers to the steep pitch below the church. Thence, crossing the Pilgrims' Way and entering Kent, it is a good run to Westerham, 23 miles in all.

CHAPTER II.

WESTERHAM OF YORE.

I doe love these ancient villages.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend historie.

SPECIALLY favoured by Nature is this charming district of beautiful Kent, and venerable and interesting is its history. One cannot within limited compass give anything more than a mere glimpse of this past, but even the hastiest glance backward may serve to show that it fills many a time-honoured page of the record of early days and ways.

The topographical dictionary's formal announcement that Westerham gives its name to the "hundred" in which it is situated, and that it is in the "lathe" of Sutton-at-Hone, at once recalls its Saxon founders, for their memory is enshrined in these old terms for divisions of the shire. A thousand years ago, when in this home-land of ours there were not five acres in every hundred under cultivation, the whole Weald of Kent was covered with primeval woodlands, in whose densest thickets lurked the bear, whence packs of wolves issued at night to ravage the herdsman's folds, and where wild boars wallowed in the fens or munched acorns under the oaks. As land was won from lowland forest or fen, or wrested from upland waste, it was cultivated and enclosed, and the suffixes of several Saxon place-names convey primarily this notion of an enclosure, then that of the settlement which grew up within the cleared space. "Ham" is one of them; and thus again the philology of "Westerham" carries us back to ten centuries ago, and to the godfathers of this extreme western settlement of the ancient Kingdom of Cantware, the modern County of Kent. There are, it may be noted in passing, two other Westerhams—one in Wurtemburg, a railway station between Munich and Saltzburg; the other in the north of France.

The road fro n Maidstone to Godstone, which traverses Westerham east and west, is no doubt the line of a very early route, and to the north of the town there is an ancient British track—one of the famous old "Pilgrims' Ways," referred to at length in a later chapter.

Like most of its neighbouring parishes, Westerham is long in proportion to its width, stretching over the hill northwards to Cudham, and southwards into the Weald as far as Cowden. The soil in the northern part is clay and flint overlying the chalk; then comes the chalk range, here over 800 feet above sea-level; next a narrow belt of upper greensand, along which runs the above-mentioned Pilgrims' Way; then a broad belt of gault clay, extending almost to the town; then the lower greensand, which includes the town, all the commons, and the land to the foot of the hill, where the Wealden clay begins. This last is the oldest bed, and is of fresh-water formation, as is proved by the character of the fossils; the others are due to marine action. The arrangement of the parishes hereabouts, although inconvenient for some reasons, was no doubt dictated by a spirit of fairness, the object being to give to them respectively a certain portion of each soil. A similar arrangement existed in the Vale of Warminster. There the parishes lie, said Canon Jackson in 1878, "not longwise down the Vale, but across it, so that the cultivator of each farm has his meadow, his pasture, his arable, his wood, his water, and his down: his fat, his lean, his skin, his bone—share and share alike."

In the Domesday Book, the two volumes in which William the Conqueror's commissioners entered, in 1086, everything that might bring income to the monarch, from a parish to a pig, our border town appears as "Oistreham"; and it is therein noted that Godwin, commonly known as the Earl of Kent—the grand old Saxon who, says Freeman, "was greater than a king"—had held it under Edward the Confessor. William granted the manor, then valued at £40, to Eustace, the second Count of Boulogne, who had married the Confessor's sister. The Count was the father of Geoffrey de Boulogne, the famous Crusader, so that the name of that foremost knight of chivalry is connected by property with

Westerham. In the "Textus Roffensis," a manuscript compiled—probably about 1120—by Bishop Ernulf, and still preserved in the archives of Rochester Cathedral, our town becomes "Westerham," and so it has remained.

Apparently, the Crusader was succeeded by the Camvilles, but the order of their possession of Westerham is somewhat involved. The family came over, Philipott tells us, with the Conqueror. In the reign of John, "Clement the Chaplain is summoned to show by what advocate [patron] he holds himself in the churches of Westerham and of Edelmebrigg [Edenbridge]," so that by then Westerham must have had its church. And the chaplain's reply is that he "holds himself in these churches by the presentation of Hugh de Canvill and Christiana his wife, and since they died he holds himself in them by the presentation of Thomas de Canvill, their son, paying to the monks of Wast, in Boulonnois [a French abbey], eight marks, an annual alms." This Thomas de Camville was one of the Recognitores Magnæ Assisæ under John, and it was he who received from Henry III. a grant of a market at Westerham on Wednesday in every week, and a fair yearly.

Anon we learn from a Hundred Roll that the Camvilles were still in evidence in Edward I.'s time, and that John le Prude, a servant of Sir Robert Camville, had taken John and Stephen Atterelake and imprisoned them at Westerham, though the Prude acted without a warrant and the Atterelakes were without fault. A fine imposed by Edward further shows that Robert de Camville acknowledged the manor of Westerham to be the property of that king and of Queen Eleanor, and that they in return granted it to him for life, with the exception of the advowson of the church. One quaint condition of his holding was that he was annually to present, at the nativity of St. John Baptist, a rose. Another Camville of Westerham, Sir Jeffrey of that ilk, was frequently summoned to Parliament as a baron in Edward's reign. In 1292, Edward granted to Joan de Camville, widow of Robert, the manor of Laughton, in Sussex, in exchange for Westerham, which she held in dower. The king seems to have had the better of the lady, for the buildings

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HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

at Laughton were found to be dilapidated; and four years later Joan has to petition Edward to have them repaired.

In the same reign the Camville family became, according to Hasted, extinct, and Edward appears to have granted the manors of Westerham and Edenbridge, together with others elsewhere, to Walter Wenlock, Abbot of Westminster, and his successors, on condition that they performed certain services for the repose of the soul of Queen Eleanor. The abbot, who was also given liberty of free-warren and other privileges, was Treasurer and Privy Councillor to the king, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Of the tenure of the manor by the abbots there are some interesting records. In the reign of Edward II., for instance, Peter, the Prior of St. Mary, Southwark, was summoned by William Curtlington, another Abbot of Westminster, for having, in the town of Westerham, in a certain place called "Domi Vestrete," taken four horses and four oxen from the abbot, and detained them unlawfully, the value of them being £20. William Benson was the last abbot and the first dean; and at the dissolution of the monasteries the manor was, by an instrument dated 1539 and sealed with the common seal of the convent, surrendered into the hands of Henry VIII.

Next year it was granted by Henry to his "loving servant John Gresham, of London, Knight," younger brother to Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of London's famous Royal Exchange, for £1,442, together with Edenbridge, and with the rectories and churches of both places. Sir John, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1547, died in 1556, and was sumptuously buried in the church of St. Michael Bassishaw, where his tomb remained until the Great Fire of London. He says in his will: "I leave and suffer to descend to William Gresham my son my mannor and parsonage of Westram and all the lands and tenements to the said mannor belonging except the ferme of the curtilage of Westram and my tenement of Charmanes." In his will also there is a curious bequest of £13 6*s.* 8*d.* to the Worshipful Company of Mercers for a dinner, with the desire that after dinner they will have his soul in remembrance in their prayers.

William Gresham was Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex in 1564 and 1577. He died in 1579, and was buried at Titsey, where there is a brass to his memory. He desires in his will that John Plomley shall be the "bayly" of his manors of Westerham and Stonegrave in Edenbridge during his "life naturall," and shall have for his pains forty shillings out of the manor of Westerham.

The manor remained in the hands of the Gresham family until after the death, in 1742, of Sir Marmaduke Gresham, Bart.; and, during the minority of his son, it was in 1751 sold by his trustees to John Warde, Esq., of Squerryes Court, by whose descendant it is at present held. Its subsequent history is that of the Wardes, and is given in the chapter on Squerryes.

The Court Rolls of the manor—which commence in 1548, when Sir John Gresham held a court, and are continued in regular succession down to the present time—are a mine of interest and information. Poor Mr. Edward Molineux, Gent., of "Mariners," was, they show, constantly in hot water with the court for "neglecting the comming to church"; and many were the fines (of a shilling a time) he paid for the irregularity or unbelief of himself, his wife Ursula, and his daughters. Once he was before the court (in 1625) on the information of Lady Rivers and Brian Smithe, for using certain profane and improper words—to wit, that the Bible was "a nouse of wax." What he meant is "wrop in mistry," but probably, Mr. Leveson-Gower thinks, he used the word "nouche," which the steward of the Court Roll misspelt. Nouche is an old word for a jewel or necklace, so possibly the scoffer intended to convey that the Bible of the Reformers would be as perishable as a jewel of wax. Most likely, however, the expression was simply "nose" of wax, used in the sense in which Sir Walter Scott wrote it in "The Fortunes of Nigel." "And now you see, my Lord of Huntinglen," he makes James I. say, "that I am neither an untrue man, to deny you the book whilk I became bound for, nor an Ahab to covet Naboth's vineyard, nor a mere nose-of-wax to be twisted this way and that by favourites and counsellors at their pleasure. I think you will grant now that I am none of these."

In 1626 Elizabeth Homewood was presented "for a common Scowlde and a very troublesome woman," and thereupon she was condemned to be ducked in a "Duckinge stoole." This was the ducking, or cucking stool, fixed at the end of a long pole, and used for immersing scolds in a muddy pond. There is one still preserved at Scarborough. John Gates, in 1627, is presented for abusing Edmund Browne, the parish clerk, in a part of the church, and "striking up of his heeles," for which acrobatic eccentricity he is fined 3*s.* 4*d.*, and committed to the stocks for two hours. Thomas Swyfte, of Sevenoaks, is in 1598 fined 12*d.* for "making a fray" upon Robert Vane, of Sevenoaks, and for wounding, ill-treating, and drawing blood from him. In 1624, the wife of Bartholomew Wane, a popish recusant (like our friend Molineux, Gent.), is presented for getting three boys to remain in her house all night, playing at painted cards with her till 12 o'clock; two sons of Thomas Spenser get into trouble for indulging in "foote-ball" on a Sunday during the time of divine service, and so on. These records of the Court Leet, it may be noted on leaving them, are, until 1652, written in Latin, mostly very bad Latin.

In connection with Jack Cade's insurrection of 1450, Westerham bore no small share. The county was favourable to the rising; a battle, in which Sir Humphrey Stafford was slain, was fought at Sevenoaks; and Cade assumed Stafford's arms and the title of "Captain of Kent." In the list of seventy-four gentlemen on his side appears the name of James Cheynewe, of Westerham. Among others, Richard Young, yeoman, Richard Stydolf, mason, and John atte Well, of Westerham, are also implicated. In the subsequent chapter on Squerryes Court it is told how Cade himself met his death at the hands of Iden, who was related by marriage to the Squeries.

We read besides that the rebels, led on by Robert Poynings, uncle of the Countess of Northumberland, and Cade's "carver and swordbearer," caused an outbreak at Westerham in 1453; and rode "in riotous wise and arraied in manor of warre," with sacks, coats of mail,



IN A KENTISH LANE.

Photo by] *Percy Lankester.*

W. C

and "salettes" (helmets), to North Cray and Farningham, in 1454.

In 1596 and 1756 occurred at Westerham two remarkable phenomena. In the former year an area of at least nine acres of land at Crockham Hill sank, suddenly, some eight feet, and continued sinking for eleven days; in the latter two and a half acres of land at Toys Hill were somewhat similarly disturbed, "some parts," says one writer, "sinking into pits and others rising into hills." Why, our historians do not explain, and visitors to Westerham may, on the spot, speculate on the causes of convulsions which are grim and mysterious. That they happened, however, is beyond doubt.

Tiny as it is, Westerham has produced worthies who alone should confer upon it world-wide interest. "That learned confessor and most constant martyr," John Frith, is said to have been born here, though it is but fair to Sevenoaks to chronicle the claim that he was the son of an innkeeper of that neighbouring town. There is certainly evidence in the Westerham records that he was a native of the border town. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A.; and he was afterwards chosen as one of the Junior Canons of Cardinal Wolsey's new college (now Christ Church) at Oxford. He became acquainted with the famous Tyndale, and by him was converted to the principles of the Reformation, of which he made a public profession, and was, in consequence, confined within his college. Being liberated in 1528, he went abroad, where he remained about two years and then returned to England, leaving his wife behind him. Finding few friends to his opinions, he wandered to and fro, and was at Reading taken for a vagabond and set in the stocks. Leonard Cox, the schoolmaster of that town, procured his release, refreshed his hungry stomach, and gave him money. Afterwards he went to London to propagate his opinions. He wrote a treatise against Sir John More, and another denying the doctrine of purgatory. For these he was seized by the Lord Chancellor, and sent as a prisoner to the Tower. At length, after the bishops sitting in St. Paul's Cathedral had tried in vain to induce him to recant, they ordered him to be burnt.

He was sent to Newgate, whence, in 1533, he was taken to Smithfield and martyred. Some time before he might have escaped, for the servants who were conveying him to the Archbishop's palace at Croydon offered to let him go, but he refused. Burnet tells us that one Andrew Hewet, an apprentice, suffered with him, and that when they were brought to the stake Frith expressed great delight at his approaching martyrdom, and in a transport of joy hugged the faggots as the instruments that were to send him to his eternal rest.

Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, and Salisbury, and, finally, Winchester, was undoubtedly born at Westerham, and baptized in its church. Both events occurred in 1676, when his father, Samuel Hoadley, was master of the famous Grammar School which stood near the present vicar's house. Most probably it was at the school house that both Benjamin and his brother, who was afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, were born. At the age of sixteen, Benjamin was admitted as a pensioner of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, of which he subsequently became a fellow and tutor. Shortly after having been ordained he was chosen lecturer of St. Mildred in the Poultry, and in ten years, he tells us, he preached it down to £30 a year, and then thought it high time to resign. He was presented to the rectory of St. Peter la Poer Old Broad Street, and was engaged in controversial writings of such a character that the House of Commons represented, in an address to Queen Anne, the signal service he had done to the cause of civil and religious liberty. The rectory of Streatham he held for thirteen years, and in 1715 he was made Bishop of Bangor, which see, from fear of party fury, he never visited! In 1717 arose the famous Bangorian controversy, due to a sermon of Hoadley's which led to the dissolution of the Houses of Convocation, whose sittings were not revived until long after. It was in that year the following satirical lines were written:—

> Amongst the High Churchmen I find there are severall
> Doe swear to the merits of Henry Sacheverell;
> Amongst the Low Churchmen I see that as oddly
> Some pin all their faith to one Benjamin Hoadley.

For the forty years prior to his death in 1761, Hoadley was Bishop of, successively, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester. "Party fury seemed to be let loose upon him," he said at one time of his life; it appears to have acted as a healthful tonic, for he lived to the age of eighty-five. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, and to make room for his monument there a column on the north side of the nave was cut away. Thus "it may be said, with truth, of Dr. Hoadley," wrote Milner, "that both living and dying he undermined the church of which he was a prelate." The monument was erected by John Hoadley, who published a complete edition, in three volumes, of his father's writings. Prefixed to his works is a large sitting portrait of the bishop in his robes, by Hogarth, and a profile, taken at the age of eighty. An engraving of the former, by T. Cook, is hung in the vestry of Westerham Church. The name of Hoadley is still to be met with in the district, and in Oxted churchyard there is a stone to one Benjamin Hoadley.

The name which should, above all others, confer world-wide interest on Westerham, is that of General Wolfe, who was born here in 1727, and no doubt went for a time to the same school, then kept by a Mr. Lawrence, which had been Hoadley's father's in the previous century. In Westerham, Wolfe's father and mother lived; here he received his first commission; here lived his life-long friend—George Warde, of Squerryes Court, the dashing dragoon who afterwards rose to the rank of General and was appointed Commander of the Forces in Ireland. It was the peaceful, lovable little Kentish hamlet which gave to the world the red-haired, consumptive boy with the malformed lip who laid down his young life for his country in a victory which must ever rank as one of the most pathetic, glorious, and important in the world's history. It gave Canada to England, and established the permanent supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America; it was on the Plains of Abraham, under the walls of Quebec, and not at Yorktown, that the Republic of the United States was founded.

We have dwelt later at such length as space permits

on the attractive story of the life of the "Hero of Quebec"; and there is but scant room left for reference to Westerham's later worthies. But the most passing allusion to them must recall the Wardes of Squerryes; notable among them the "Father of Foxhunting," of whom, also, more is said anon. Nor will be forgotten the Rev. Thomas Streatfeild, the great Kentish antiquary, who devoted nearly half a century to the collection of materials for a history of his native county; nor the late Granville Leveson-Gower, F.S.A., to whose painstaking antiquarian researches the author of this handbook owes so much.

And here we pass from Westerham of yore to Westerham of to-day, a distinction almost without a difference, in spite of the railway which, in 1881, brought Wolfeland within easy touch of the Metropolis, and dealt a death-blow to the 'bus that used to be the chief instrument for keeping Westerham in touch with Sevenoaks and the world beyond.



Photo by] ON THE MEDWAY: BY TONBRIDGE. *[T. A. Flemons*

CHAPTER III.

WESTERHAM OF TO-DAY.

O'er thee profusely Nature showers
Her gifts; with liveliest verdure decks thy soil,
With every mingled charm of hill and dale.—SOTHEBY.

VERILY is this chapter like that famous one on the snakes in Iceland. There is really no modern Westerham; as one sees it now, the hamlet is old-fashioned and quaint enough to belong still to the days of yore. Since Wolfe's time it has altered but little, and it is a natural effort of the imagination to people again its picturesque main road with the life and bustle that was wont then to enliven it on occasions. One sees there the stage-coach and its champing team swinging off from the "George and Dragon" for Croydon and London town, no doubt bearing with it a concealed blunderbuss or two, for the knights of the road were numerous and venturesome; the humbler waggon, entered from behind by a ladder, in which one could travel for a shilling a day; the deliberate wain, with plodding Dobbin lumbering in to the market on the sloping greensward, where at least since the days of Henry of Winchester men have bought and sold; the strings of pack-horses filing past from far and near; farmers dismounting from their sturdy cobs, or ambling homewards with their wives on pillions behind them; and the new lord of the manor, John Warde of Squerryes, dashing through in gilt post chaise and six, perhaps with outriders galloping on ahead, or returning more soberly in ponderous coach, with heavy Flanders mares. One sees "the stately matron," of whom Thackeray wrote, and her husband, the grizzled old soldier who had fought under Marlborough and Eugene, accompanied by their two sons and by another lad, picking their way where the crowd is thinnest, and one knows the brothers for Edward and James Wolfe, and their friend for young George Warde, the future dragoon. These were the days when the second Hanoverian, "dapper George," was king; when his

beaux and fribbles wore bright-coloured coats of velvet, waistcoats which ended just above the knee, cocked hats, and morocco shoes with diamond buckles; and the ladies—hoop-petticoated, rouged and patched—wore a wonderful head-dress, a foot high, its interior filled with wool or hemp, its exterior plastered over with pomatum or lard.

The picture fades; let us turn to the more lasting relics of Westerham and see how they still link us to its past. We start from the Railway Station, opposite to which is the "Crown Hotel"—a new building, but withal most comfortable of quarters, as the author from personal experience here testifies; turn to the left, pass some prettily-designed almshouses, which were built in 1874, and ascend into the main street.



THE ALMSHOUSES.

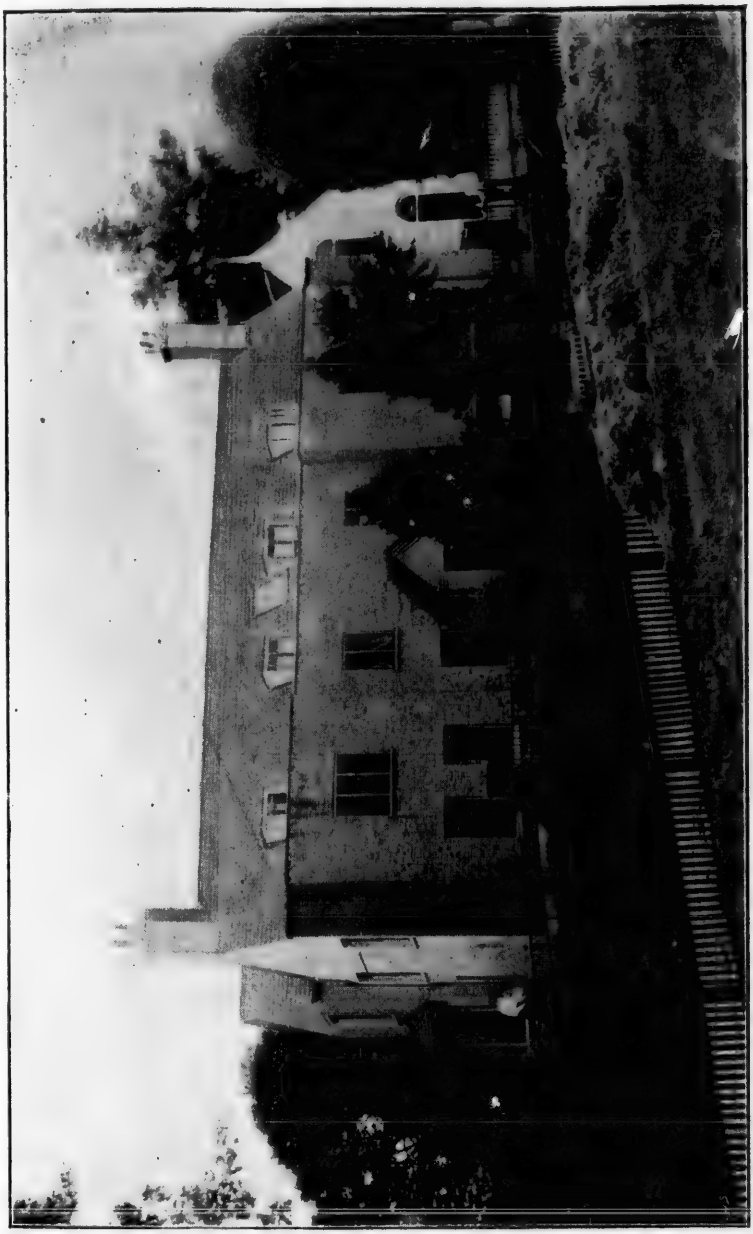
Here we again turn to the left. A few paces bring us to the "Grasshopper Inn," the oldest in Westerham, its swinging sign taking its cognisance from the same source as the famed grasshopper weather-cock on London's Royal Exchange, namely the crest of the Greshams. All that remains visible to attest to their former ownership of the manor of Westerham is this ancient sign, and a similar one, fast fading from view, which distinguishes an inn of the same name just outside the village, on the road to Godstone. Adjoining the Post Office was the lock-up, with long narrow slits in its walls in lieu of windows. Its massive party wall has now been broken through to afford communication with the Post Office; but the grim iron bars of its cells can still be seen. The village stocks used to stand in front of it. The last two houses of the row, with wide gates between them, figure in early documents as an inn, known at different times as the "Churchyard," "White Horse," and "White Hart" Inn; and within the wide gates was wont to put up the coach which, of yore, ran to Wester-

ham, by way of Westerham Hill, from the "Bull and Mouth" in Fleet Street, doing the double journey in a day. Occasionally it had bad times, and there is still preserved a lively recollection of the horses leaving the road and finding themselves trying to negotiate snow-hidden hedges. A later coach, which used to stand at the "King's Arms" Hotel, was an ill-fated enterprise of Westramites which jangled its final journey from the border village in 1848. It ran over Botley Hill to Croydon and London. All that remains of it is the still-living memory of the £400 it cost the local speculators during its year of existence. A link with those days is the carrier's cart which still plies twice weekly between Westerham and the Metropolis.

Postponing for the present an exploration of the Church and churchyard, we descend the slope past two or three shops. At the end of the row is a quaint little cottage, overshadowed by a yew tree. Time was when its neighbours were similarly picturesque, with clean white palings in front of them glinting in the sun.

Turning downhill to the left, we notice immediately (on the right) a large house now generally called the "Becches," the corruption of its original name, the "Breaches," being due perhaps to a nice development of local refinement. Certainly the fine old trees in front of the house are not responsible, for they are limes. This was one of the "genteel houses" which, records Ireland, characterised the eastern end of the town. It used to be the Dower House of Valence, and then it belonged to the Manning family. In Wolfe's time, the "Breaches" descended by marriage to the Remnands, and was occupied by John Bodicoate, Gent., who subsequently purchased the rectory or advowson of the parish. His descendant married Miss Harriet Board, who, as a widow, afterwards became Countess Winterton, and left the living to her cousin, the Rev. Richard Board, who was succeeded by the present vicar. Occasional residents at the "Breaches," which now belongs to W. Deible Boger, Esq., are the Haggards, relatives of Mr. Rider Haggard.

Next to the house is the Vicarage, its front faced in recent years with what look like white bricks, but are really "mathematical tiles" brought from near Ashford;



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

with firs on each side of its ball-topped gate-pillars, and an ancient yew overhanging the footway. One cannot but pause here with special interest, for it was in this house, then occupied by the Rev. George Lewis, that the victor of Quebec was born. Debated as the fact has been, there can no longer be doubt of its accuracy. Mr. Board, the late vicar, held his living for the extraordinarily long period of sixty-seven years, his institution dating back to 1792, thirty-three years after Wolfe's death on the Plains of Abraham. There was then in existence a gentleman who was actually present in the house when the hero was born, and who described to Mr. Board in circumstantial detail the incidents of that portentous event. Mr. Board himself communicated the particulars to the present vicar, so that any lingering question may once and for all be disposed of. The front window of the identical room is that with three lights shown in the illustration. The two side windows can also be seen from the road; they look out from the first floor of the gabled east wall, and are over the present study. Within, the place had been much altered since the brief stay there of the Wolfes. The front rooms of the old Jacobean building still remain practically as they were, with low-pitched ceilings; but at the back a two-storey modern house with lofty rooms has been built on. Its windows command an exquisite prospect over an old-time garden, skirted by the little stream which is to swell itself later into importance as the Darenth, and framed by grassy uplands and wooded knolls. Peace reigns over the birthplace of the great soldier, whose life was a continuous war against his own bodily infirmities and his country's foes.



A BIT OF OLD WESTERHAM.

Opposite the Vicarage stood a forge and the old Alms-houses, and a little lower down yet another inn, known as the "Red Cow." Just below it there still stands, among other old houses on the right, one which bears the mysterious

inscription, "Copthall, A.D. 1520." The date would assign the building to the time of Henry VIII., to twenty years before he granted possession of the manor of Westerham to "his loving servant, John Gresham of London, Knight," but the present writer is unable to explain the association of "Copthall," a name which recurs several times in connection with Westerham properties. On the opposite side of the road is a new inn with the quaint sign of "Ye Old House at Home."

Just below, on the left, is another building which, like the Vicarage, has its page in history and its undying



QUEBEC HOUSE.

claim on the affections of Englishmen and of their kinsmen across the Atlantic. It is Quebec House, where the Wolfe family lived—save for a brief sojourn at the Vicarage—during the many years they were at Westerham. The eye of the traveller approaching the village from the Brasted and Sevenoaks road would, "not long ago at any rate," says Bradley, "have noticed the words 'Quebec House' inscribed upon some railings on his right hand as he began to mount the hill on which the Church and main street stand. Behind the railings he would get a glimpse of the flat stuccoed front of what at first sight appears to be a somewhat melancholy-looking modern

villa. If he gave a thought to the matter at all, it might perhaps be to the seeming incongruity of the house and its title. In both respects, however, no verdict could be more entirely unjust. Behind the debased front of some Vandal of the nineteenth century there lurks a most admirable specimen of the smaller Elizabethan manor-house, while within its walls the conqueror of Quebec himself spent his infancy and early youth. But with the exception of the unlovely modern face which obscures its true character, Quebec House has not been altered in any important particulars since the parents of James Wolfe went to live there nearly two centuries ago. Being, however, a good deal shut in by foliage and by other buildings, it consequently escapes the notice which, even apart from historic association, it deserves to command. From the churchyard on the hill above, a good sight of the entire building can be obtained; and the view of its long array of tiled gables and mellow, red brick walls creates a strong desire to see something of the inside of so pleasing a specimen of Elizabethan architecture. All sorts of tenants have come and gone in the old house; for a time it was even a girls' school; but the interior still preserves its original character. Oak stairways, quaint nooks, mysterious cupboards, and spacious chimney-corners speak of a long time before the young Wolfes played hide-and-seek among them. Panelled walls and huge oaken rafters have long slept under thick layers of paper and whitewash, and suggest infinite possibilities for the hand of some reverent restorer."

The house can no longer be distinguished by a name-plate on the railings. That was taken down some eight years ago, when there was a boys'—not a girls'—school here. Quebec House is now in two occupations, Dr. Ronald Russell tenanting one portion of it, the Howard family another; and fortunately both residents may be counted on to preserve this national heritage. Dr. Russell has the spacious oak stairway up which the young Wolfes chased one another and their friend George Warde; and the room, with its noticeable original overmantel, to which tradition assigned the birth of the conqueror of Canada. The Howards have

the oak-panelled entrance hall, the narrower stairways, and many of the "quaint nooks" and "mysterious cupboards" which characterize the old place. In their keeping, also, is the kitchen, with its roomy fireplace, the stone "chimney-corner" seat still remaining on one side, on the other the oven wherein many a home-made loaf has been baked.

One can picture Mrs. Wolfe bustling about here, for the somewhat straitened circumstances of the Colonel, her husband, no doubt necessitated the strictest economy in the management of the household. She kept a most comprehensive cookery book—still preserved at Squerryes, and many an elaborate potion she could concoct. One of her recipes was for "a good water for consumption." "Take a peck of garden snails," was the prescription, "wash them in beer ["bear" she spells it], put them in an oven and let them stay till they've done crying; then with a knife and fork prick the green from them, and beat the snail shells and all in a stone mortar. Then take a quart of green earth worms, slice them through the middle and strow them with salt; then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelico, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, then egrimony, bears feet, red dock roots, barbery brake, biloney, wormwood, of each two handfuls, one handful of rue-tumeric, and one ounce of saffron, well dried and beaten. Then pour ["power," dear Dame Wolfe has it] in three gallons of milk. Wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves (well-beaten), hartshorn, grated. Keep the still covered all night. This done, stir it not! Distil it with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time." Dear, frugal housewife! God bless thee, kindly soul, waiting for the beer-washed snails to have done crying; may Heaven have rewarded thy patience and thy patients!

In those days Quebec House was known as "Spiers"; it stood in two acres of the Paris Meade, or meadow; and its owner was Thomas Ellison, the steward of the manor of Westerham. Some of its windows, which then let in the warmth and glow of

the sun, were only blocked up, as they still remain, to avoid the tax to which they were subjected later.

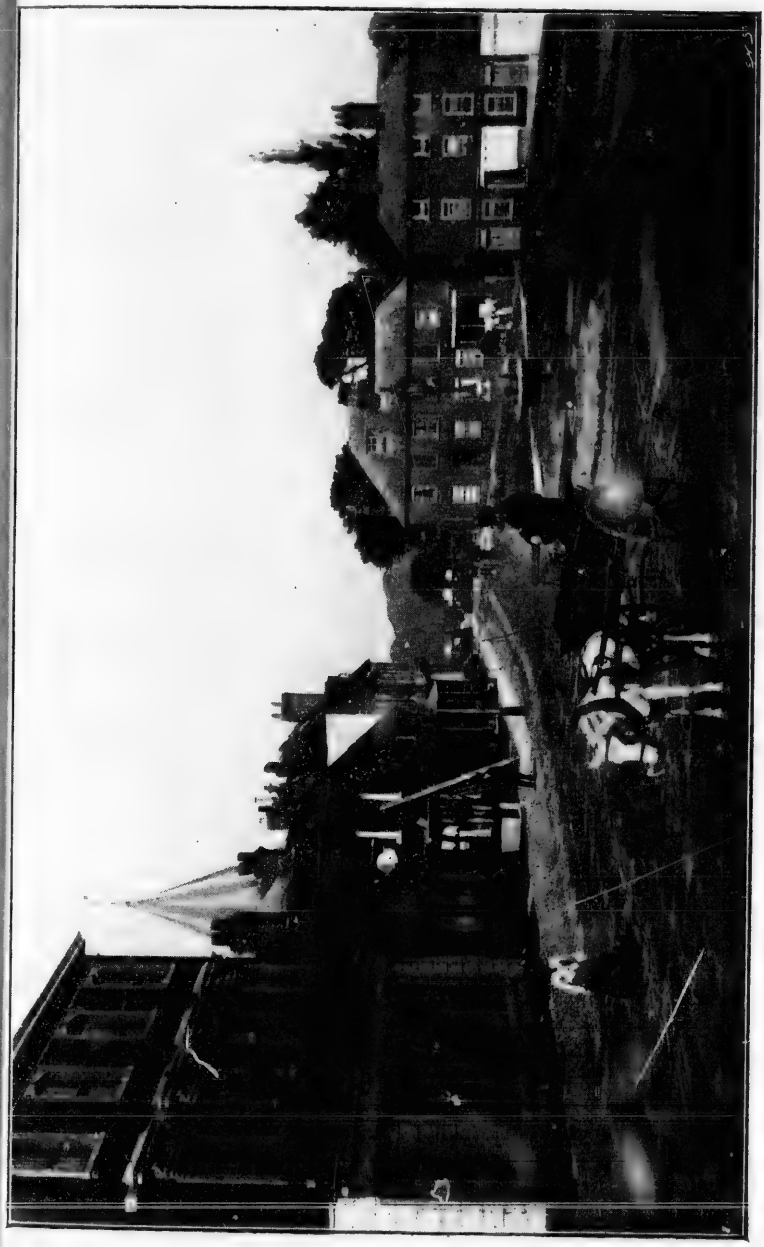
Claim to have seen Wolfe's birth may well be relinquished by the gabled mansion, for apart from that, has not Thackeray immortalized it in "The Virginians"? He has drawn for us Colonel Lambert and Harry Warrington riding into Westerham in Wolfe's manhood days, their arrival at Quebec House, their welcome by their hosts—"a stately matron, an old soldier, whose recollections and services were of five-and-forty years back, and the son of this gentleman and lady, the Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley's regiment, that was then stationed at Maidstone, whence the Colonel had come over on a brief visit to his parents. Harry looked with some curiosity at this officer, who, young as he was, had seen so much service, and obtained a character so high. There was little of the beautiful in his face. He was very lean and very pale; his hair was red, his nose and cheek-bones were high; but he had a fine courtesy towards his elders, a cordial greeting towards his friends, and an animation in conversation which caused those who heard him to forget, even to admire, his homely looks.

"Mr. Warrington was going to Tunbridge? Their James would bear him company, the lady of the house said, and whispered something to Colonel Lambert at supper which occasioned smiles and a knowing wink or two from that officer. He called for wine, and toasted 'Miss Lowther.' 'With all my heart,' cried the enthusiastic Colonel James, and drained his glass to the very last drop. Mamma whispered her friend how James and the lady were going to make a match, and how she came of the famous Lowther family of the North.

"'If she was the daughter of King Charlemagne,' cried Lambert,' she is not too good for James Wolfe, or for his mother's son.'

"'Mr. Lambert would not say so, if he knew her,' the young Colonel declared.

"'Oh, of course, she is the priceless pearl, and you are nothing,' cries mamma. 'No. I am of Colonel Lambert's opinion; and if she brought all Cumberland to you for a jointure, I should say it was my James's



WESTERHAM OF TO-DAY.

Photo by] [*C. Essenhigh Corke.*

due. That is the way with 'em, Mr. Warrington. We tend our children through fevers, and measles, and whooping-cough, and small-pox; we send them to the Army, and can't sleep at night for thinking; we break our hearts at parting with 'em, and having 'em at home only for a week or two in the year, or may-be ten years, and, after all our care, there comes a lass with a pair of bright eyes, and away goes our boy, and never cares a fig for us afterwards.'

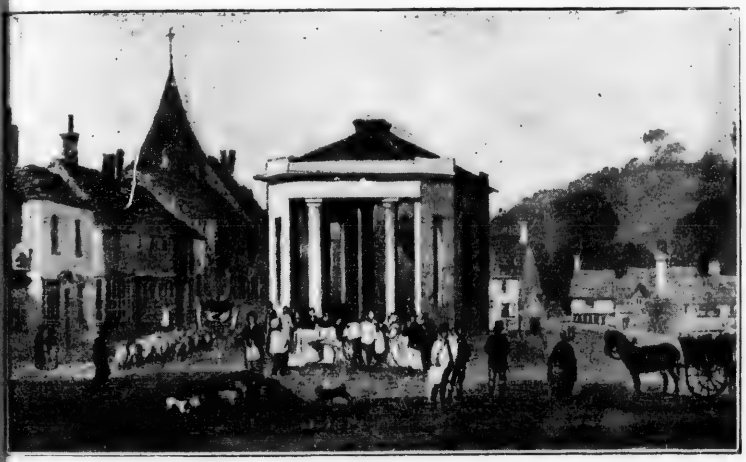
"'And pray, my dear, how did you come to marry James's papa?' said the elder Colonel Wolfe. 'And why didn't you stay at home with your parents?'

"'Because James's papa was gouty, and wanted somebody to take care of him, I suppose; not because I liked him a bit,' answers the lady; and so with much easy talk and kindness the evening passed away."

And so must we, however reluctant to leave the associations of this memorable spot. A last reference, open to the comment of the cynic, the which is that Quebec House could have been bought, but a very few years ago, for £700, freehold! We take a look at the house adjoining it, standing some distance back from the road. It is Darenth Towers, and beneath its kitchen runs the little stream we saw behind the Vicarage, the rivulet which meanders beneath both road and dwelling on its way to the Thames.

Here lived Mr. Hansard, of Parliamentary reporting fame, and among its other tenants was Mrs. Gorham, the widow of a divine whose difference with the Bishop of Exeter on the question of baptismal regeneration bulks largely in the law reports of 1848-50. Mr. Gorham was beneficed in the diocese of Exeter, and on his presentation to a benefice of greater value was refused admission by the Bishop, on account of certain views which he appeared to hold on the subject of regeneration in baptism, upon which views he underwent eight days' examination by the Bishop prior to the refusal. The Bishop's action was held by the Dean of Arches to be justified, but on appeal to the Privy Council this decision was reversed, on the ground that Mr. Gorham's doctrines were not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrines

of the Church of England as by law established; and Mr. Gorham got his rich benefice. As Phillimore, in his learned work on "Ecclesiastical Law," says, "What was the exact view which Mr. Gorham held it is very difficult to discover;" but apparently it was that baptism is not necessarily accompanied by the grace of regeneration, and that without reference to the qualification of the recipient it is not in itself a sign of grace. The real dispute was with regard to the effect of infant baptism, the Bishop contending that by the law of the Church an



WESTERHAM IN 1853: THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

infant became regenerated by baptism, whereas Mr. Gorham's view was that though if an infant were baptized and should die before committing an actual sin it would most certainly be saved, yet it was not in fact regenerated by baptism, but some prior gift of God's grace had made the infant qualified to receive the sign of grace embodied in baptism.

The lodge at the opposite corner is at an entrance to Valence, of which more anon. We note, for future use, that the ways part here for Brasted and Sevenoaks, and for Edenbridge, and then we retrace our steps to the village green.

In front of the second shop past the "Breaches" stood,

in Wolfe's days, the old Market House. Later on this was replaced by an octagonal pavilion, known as the Summer House, which was in turn pulled down. It still, however, does humble service, for its material was utilized for building the fire-engine house at the back of the "George and Dragon," and for flagging a length of the footway that leads up to the churchyard gates. A cursory glance may be given at some steps which lead up to a narrow way, known as Water Lane, for this is the starting point for a charming ramble, described later; beyond these it may be well to note Hughes's Library; and then we reach the "King's Arms" hotel. Here again is a house with a history. In 1545 it went, with the Squerryes estate, to Sir Thomas Cawarden, Henry VIII.'s "bow-bender." It crops up in old deeds of 1662, when it was known as "Painters," and "Garlands," after former owners; and in Wolfe's time it was a snug inn, with old-fashioned bow windows, and included in it were the two red-tiled houses adjoining it on the side from which we have approached it. Now they are flourishing shops. The existing hostelry was, however, built only some seventy years ago, by one Robert Kidder, who died in it. Not an uncommon sight is it to see its spacious yard full of the Old Surrey fox-hounds, temporarily confined there on their way to a meet, while huntsman and whippers-in are, perhaps, checking the accuracy of their watches within the house.

Opposite is the "George and Dragon" hotel, a venerable structure, picturesque with bold sign, verandahs, and projecting windows, still eloquent of the old coaching days. Here were held those crusted institutions, the Court Baron and Court Leet, of whose proceedings an occasional glimpse is given in later pages. They still assemble, about once in every five years, but now at the "Crown Hotel."

Adjoining the "George and Dragon" is a branch of the London and County Bank, on the site of a wigmaker's shop; and in front of the next house, in Wolfe's time a cooper's, stood the old town pump. Where the road narrows and descends there are two large houses. That on the right ("The Grange," Rev. T. Knipe) was once

another of the many inns Westerham maintained. It was the "Red Lion." The house on the left is now known as Winterton House (Dr. A. Maude), from its having been the residence of the Countess Winterton already referred to. It is mentioned in a Court Roll of 1564, and was originally called the "Flower de Luce."

At the bottom of the Grange garden—at Burton's Corner—a road to the right branches off to Tatsfield and Croydon. From it there is a fine open view, a prominent feature of which is the new red-brick house of the vicar (not to be confused with the Vicarage, where Wolfe was born), adjoining the site of the Grammar School kept by Hoadley's father. The road branching off to the left leads to Squerryes Lodge, mentioned again in Chapter X. The point of junction of these roads is known as Carter's Cross.



IN LODGE LANE.

At the corner of the Tatsfield Road, opposite the Grange garden, stands the "Manor House," now divided into several cottages. At one time it belonged to Anthony Burton, of Titsey, whose trade was appropriately that of a maltster. There was a malthouse, of course, adjacent to it. Very convenient for smugglers was the distance from the sea coast to Westerham, and popular was the village with that fraternity. It is said that at times the Manor House has amply played its part in their illicit traffic. Quite recently it played another part. It was advertised for sale, and numerous possible buyers hurried down from London, to return as hurriedly, grievously "sold" themselves by the pretentious title of the property.

A little lower down (on the left) is the chapel of the Open Brethren, a sect of the Plymouth Brethren; and adjoining it are some cottages reached by six steps. They stand on the site of a meeting-house of the Quakers, who were once numerous in Westerham.

Journeying along, we pass, on the right, the Town Hall, built in 1865, and owned by Col. Warde, of Squerryes; the "Rifleman" inn, a modern building, and the "Warde Arms" inn (in earlier days the "Coach and Horses"), separated from its sign-board by the width of the road, and offering, as a further means of identification, an elongated distortion over its door of the heraldic device of the Warde family—a cross flory, or.



THE OLD SMITHY.

On the left, at the bend of the road, are some of the most antique-looking houses in the village. At the first of them, a shoeing-smith's, lived one Gibbard, the last of the Westerham Quakers. We reach the pond, at the foot of the rising grounds of Squerryes Court, to which a later chapter is devoted. Where the water is was once a part of Squerryes Green, fourteen acres of common land, free to all and apparently caviare to the general. On the green was the manor pound. Tradition hath it that the Hoades, the Twineys, the Prices, the Chilwells, and other free-holders of those days, parted with their rights of common to the lord of the manor for divers good causes and considerations, which, briefly translated, may be taken to mean a good dinner.



THE ISLAND.

Opposite the ponds is an old-fashioned and diminutive inn, which recalls the memory of General Wolfe. In his day it was the "King's Head"; and under its newer name it once possessed a pictorial sign, now, one cannot help regretting, removed. The red-brick house with the high iron gate, just beyond, is the Rev. Carr Glynn Acworth's; and adjoining it are two cottages, one with an old oak door approached by three steps. Originally these modest dwellings were one house, which for a time was occupied by "The Great Commoner"—William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham—while his Keston home was under repair (see Chapter X.). The large house past them, the last in the village, is "Farley," the residence of Major Board, a son of the late vicar. Of this house, which dates from the time of William III., there is a curious view given in Harris's "History of Kent"; whether as the mansion actually was or as it was intended to be it is difficult to say. It is shown with the true formal Dutch garden, with a gate on the opposite side of the road leading to two formal pieces of water, on one of which is a pleasure-boat. Beyond, in Squerryes Park, is seen a herd of deer feeding; but as there is no record of Squerryes ever having been a deer park, the draughtsman must here have drawn on his imagination. The picturesque cottages at the entrance to Squerryes are shown in their present position. "Springfield," as the house was called until recently, was the seat of a family

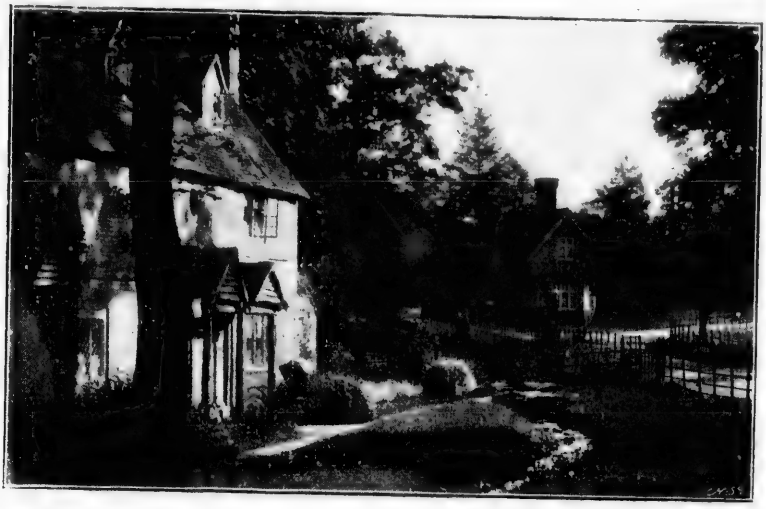


MORETON HOUSE.



"FARLEY."

named Price. One John Price was seated here in Queen Anne's reign; and it is recorded that a descendant, Pendock Price, died in 1768. He was one of the subscribers to the Wolfe tablet in Westerham Church.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO SQUERRYES COURT.

A little beyond Major Board's the road crosses the boundary line between Kent and Surrey, and continues on to Limpsfield, Godstone, and Reigate For the nonce, however, we do not follow it; we have yet to exploit the more immediate interest of Wolfe-land.

CHAPTER IV.

WOLFE: WESTERHAM'S HERO.

But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease and death's inexorable doom,
That life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.
Brave let us fall, or honoured if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.
Such, men shall own, deserve a sovereign state,
Envied by those they dare not imitate.—HOMER.



PROBABLY most readers know the story of General Wolfe; we may certainly assume that there are none who visit Westerham who do not wish to know at least its principal facts. These only we can endeavour to give here. If already familiar they may, perhaps, be recalled again with new interest amid the surroundings of the hero's boyhood; if unfamiliar they may serve, condensed as they necessarily are, both to lend additional interest to those surroundings, and to explain references in this little handbook which might otherwise be obscure.

James Wolfe was born at Westerham in 1727, the last year of the reign of George I. Previous to 1752 the New Year began on March 25th, so that according to the old style the exact day was December 22nd, now reckoned as January 2nd. He was duly christened by the vicar, the Rev. George Lewis, in Westerham Church;

and equally certain is it that Colonel and Mrs. Wolfe, his parents—who had just come to Westerham and must have temporarily occupied the Vicarage for a very brief time—lived during twelve years of Wolfe's boyhood at Quebec House. There, in 1728, his brother Edward was born.

Colonel Wolfe, who was over forty when he came to Westerham, had recently married a well-born lady of twenty-four—Miss Thompson, of Marsden in Yorkshire. The Colonel himself was born in the north of England, and his selection of the Kentish village as a home was probably influenced by its convenient distance from both London and Portsmouth, and in some measure perhaps by the quiet and charm of its situation. He belonged to the Wolfe family which settled in Ireland some three centuries ago and has still numerous representatives there.

All Colonel Wolfe's commissions are preserved, together with his son's, at Squerryes Court, and they prove him to have been a soldier of distinction. That his wife was a most estimable mother is clear from the affection in which she was held by her sons, and from the kind of men they grew to be under her influence. The high principles, the unaffected reverence for religion, the almost restless sense of duty which made James Wolfe such a contrast to most soldiers of his day, owed much, no doubt, to the training of the gentle, dark-haired lady whose portrait now hangs in the gallery at Squerryes Court. It was natural enough that the Wolfe family should form an intimacy with the owners of Squerryes. Young George Warde, the son of the house, was a year or two older than James Wolfe. Both were destined for the army, and there sprang up between them a fast friendship which lasted through life. To this intimacy is due the fact of Squerryes Court being to-day the treasure house of Wolfe's literary remains.

He and his brother went regularly to the Westerham School already referred to, then kept by a Mr. Lawrence; and one can imagine the boys scampering with relief to the green terraces and bosky knolls of Squerryes, there to rehearse in mimic combat those famous battles of the future, in which all of them were to fight and two of them were to fall.

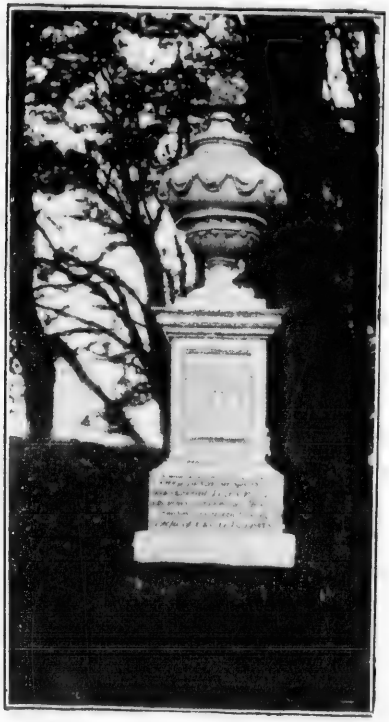


Photo by] QUEBEC HOUSE. *[C. Essenhigh Corke*

About 1738 Colonel Wolfe gave up Quebec House and moved to Greenwich, where James and his brother had for a schoolfellow Jack Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent. Next year war was declared against the Spaniards, and Colonel Wolfe was appointed Adjutant-General to the force which, under Lord Cathcart, was destined for the ill-starred expedition to Cartagena. James was just thirteen and a half, but he had made up his mind that his country had need of his services also on the Spanish main. He persuaded his father to take him, though Mrs. Wolfe, probably as a last expedient to divert him, upbraided him with lack of love for her. The lad's answer is the first of his letters in the large

collection at Squerryes. It is dated from the expedition's gathering-camp in the Isle of Wight, and it assures his beloved mother that his affection for her is "as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother." The martial precocity of the young James Wolfe was, however, nipped in the bud, for while in camp he was taken so ill that all idea of his accompanying the expedition was abandoned, and he was sent home to his mother—and to school!

Colonel Wolfe passed unharmed through the luckless enterprise, was sent in charge of the sick and wounded to Cuba, and did not reach home again until the autumn of 1742. In the meantime, affairs had progressed with his son James. Two years' home schooling and renewed health had brought him nearer to the goal of his ambition.



THE WOLFE CENOTAPH.

Much of his vacation time was spent in visits to his friends at Squerryes, and it was there, in the Christmas holidays of 1741-2, that his boyish hopes and aspirations were finally gratified. He was playing in the garden with his friend George Warde, when a package containing a commission to his father's regiment of marines was put into his hands. In after-years, when England was ringing with his fame and glorious death, the spot upon which he was standing at the moment of such significant import to himself and to his country seemed to his old friends and companions of Squerryes the most fit-

ting place to raise a loving tribute to his memory. At the extremity of a high terrace on the southern side of the house, greyer from the drip of the tall trees which overhang it than perhaps its age would warrant, stands a pedestal surmounted by an urn. Around its base are inscribed the following lines, probably the composition of his friend George Warde:—

> Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired,
> Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired;
> This spot so sacred will for ever claim
> A proud alliance with its hero's name.

Wolfe, however, was not destined to join the gallant and ill-used arm of the service which his commission indicated; and it was as well—a worse sailor never lived. An exchange was effected, for in April, 1742, when the British army destined for foreign service was reviewed on Blackheath by George II., James Wolfe, a lanky stripling of fifteen, was carrying the colours of Duroure's famous Twelfth Regiment of Foot as it marched past.

That Wolfe was an extremely plain man has already been noted. "Who is that sallow-faced Put with the carroty hair?" asks one of the shallow blades in "The Virginians" in reference to him. "Nature," says Lord Stanhope, "had done but little for him in either comeliness or vigour; he had flaming red hair, and, contrary to the fashion of the times, wore no powder to conceal it." Even at fifteen he was as precocious in physical development as he was in mind and spirit. He grew ultimately to be considerably over six feet in height; his shoulders were narrow, his limbs long and awkward. A receding forehead and chin, with a slightly turned-up and pointed nose, formed the obtuse angle, or "flap of an envelope," to which his profile has so often been likened. His complexion was, by his own account, muddy and lifeless, his cheek-bones somewhat high and prominent. The portrait of him, painted for his mother, which hangs at Squerryes, is a full-face picture, and the peculiar characteristics of his physiognomy do not therefore show in it. Nor do they in the likeness of him, also by an unknown artist, which is now the property of Mr. Clifford

Chaplin, of Melton Mowbray; nor in the Gainsborough which sold at Christie's some years ago for 285 guineas, and became the property of the late Thomas Woolner, R.A. Probably the most characteristic portrait of any authenticity is one of those now in the National Portrait Gallery, said to be by Schaak, but possibly due to Captain Harvey Smith, an aide-de-camp of Wolfe's in his last campaign. It is this we reproduce at the beginning of this chapter; and an engraving of it, by Houston, hangs in the vestry of Westerham church.

And yet, with all these physical imperfections, there must have been something that made Wolfe look every inch a soldier. His mouth, in spite of his receding chin, looks a firm one. The spring of the nose indicates, if physiognomy has a meaning, the quickness of thought and tireless energy to which he owed his success. His blue eyes were bright and eager, and are said to have lit up in moments of animation, and greatly to have transformed his otherwise homely face. His awkward figure must also, in such a rigid soldier as he was, have acquired something of a martial air; while his red hair, it may be recalled, must have usually been covered under the regulation wig of the period, albeit Lord Stanhope seems to leave one to infer otherwise. And though the defects of his appearance are beyond doubt, there seems to be no evidence that they ever placed him at a discount. On the contrary, the few contemporary impressions of his social deportment that have come down to us make no allusion to any physical imperfections. One would gather from them that he was as pleasing as he was brave. His amiability and brightness, his soldier's dress, his height and upright carriage, no doubt did much to obscure those details of form and feature which, taken by themselves, were certainly unprepossessing to a remarkable degree.

From the parade ground at Blackheath Wolfe's regiment marched straight to Deptford, where they embarked for Ostend. Thence they made for Ghent, where Wolfe had in quarters with him his old comrade, George Warde of Squerryes, now a cornet in a regiment of dragoons. Soon after he was joined by his brother Edward, whose father had succeeded in getting him a

commission in James' regiment. Dettingen (1742), the last battle in which a king of England fought in person, saw the brothers' baptism of fire and decided the campaign. James drearily spent the following winter at Ostend; but Edward, a less important person in the regiment, was able to spend his Christmas at Old Burlington Street, to which the family had then removed. He returned to the Continent only to die of rapid consumption, the hardships of campaigning having been too much for his frail constitution. "He lived and died," writes James to his parents in one of the Squerryes letters, "as a son of you two should—which, I think, is saying all I can."

Our next glimpse of the Westerham lad is at Newcastle, where also was his father in the capacity of General of Division. He had returned from the campaign against Prince Charles Edward, and was soon after in the thick of the fighting at Falkirk, and at Culloden. In the beginning of the following winter he was again in Flanders, with the combined Dutch, Austrian, and English forces under the Duke of Cumberland, the burly victor of Culloden. The French were advancing on Maestricht, then one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and Wolfe was wounded in the sanguinary fight of Lauffeld, in which the Duke vainly strove to stay Saxe's progress. Beaten, but not disgraced, our army retired within the walls of the fort, where Wolfe left them to return home and celebrate his twenty-first birthday.

It was on this visit that our hero was again wounded, this time in the heart, the object of his affection being a daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Isell, a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. Mrs. Wolfe, however, would have had him marry an heiress, and she singled out Miss Kitty Ann Hoskins, of Croydon, who had £30,000, to say nothing of property in land. Whether due to the maternal opposition, or reluctance on the part of the young lady herself, is not clear, but Wolfe's love for the fair maid of honour (who eventually died unmarried) resulted in nothing but disappointment to our hero. In his depression he might, perhaps, have accepted

the Croydon heiress had she encouraged him; but the chance, if it ever existed, slipped away, for she married, curiously enough, John Warde, the eldest brother of his friend George the Dragoon and the collector of the pictures at Squerryes Court, and became the mistress of that attractive home.

Again a spell on the Continent, a visit to Ireland, long exiles in Scotland, and then four years in garrison and camp in the south and west of England. It was at this period he paid, in 1757, his last visit to Westerham. Then a part in Sir John Mordaunt's miserably-managed expedition against Rochelle and Rochefort, and we hasten on to the great and crowning epoch in our hero's life.

The very existence of the thirteen commonwealths that then fringed the Atlantic coast and constituted British America was threatened by the French in Canada and the savages in their pay. Pitt's plan for the campaign of 1758 was to uphold the Anglo-Saxon supremacy by striking simultaneous blows at three separate points, the most important being the capture of the great naval station of Louisbourg. As this demanded a combined movement by sea and land, Boscawen was entrusted with the fleet, Amherst with the army, and with him, as one of his three brigadiers, went Wolfe. Thither, unfortunately, we cannot follow him. So well did Boscawen and Amherst play their part that "the Dunkirk of America"—the stronghold which nature had made almost impregnable and upon whose fortifications upwards of a million sterling had been spent—was half demolished. So nobly had Wolfe borne his share in the campaign that he returned to England to find himself known as "the hero of Louisbourg"; but, so far, he had only given his health to his country. His life was still to be laid down. His latest work was but a preliminary step to the capture of Quebec and the expulsion of the French from Canada.

Wolfe had been to his parents, now at Lyttleton Villa, Blackheath, and was again taking the waters at Bath (he was racked with both gravel and rheumatism) when Pitt summoned him to London to receive command of what proved to be his last expedition. Wolfe stipulated that

he should choose his own staff, and among those he selected was his staunch friend George Warde. His old companion, however, as a rising cavalry officer, not unnaturally preferred the battlefields of Europe.

In February, 1759, Admiral Saunders, in command of the fleet that was to operate with the Westerham lad, sailed out from Spithead. On board the Admiral's ship, the *Neptune*, lay poor Wolfe, with sickly frame and enfeebled constitution, facing once more at the worst season of the year the terrors of the sea. In May he landed, only to receive the news of his father's death. By June the whole fleet was safely anchored off the Isle of Orleans, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Nearly four miles up the river was Quebec, then one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and ere the month had passed it was brought within range of Wolfe's batteries, Point Levi, just opposite to it, having been rushed and taken.

We must pass rapidly to the end of the magnificent siege. On August 20th it was known that the General could not rise from his bed. Racked with pain and tortured with anxiety, he lay weak and helpless in a room of the farmhouse that served for his headquarters. He was unable to see, or speak to, his officers. The days were rapidly shortening, and the rock-girt city would be snatched irrevocably from his grasp by the iron grip of the northern winter. By September, however, weak as he was, he was able to move about once more, and immediately he commenced the movement that seemed a forlorn hope, but which was destined to form one of the most glorious pages in British history. His army was weaker, by over a thousand men actually killed and wounded, than when it arrived before Quebec. In addition there were at least five hundred in hospital and unfit for duty. Strong detachments had of necessity to be left on the Isle of Orleans and at the camp at Point Levi. There remained, therefore, less than four thousand men for the daring stroke that was intended; while upon the heights above the Marquis de Montcalm had at least ten thousand, besides Indians. Moreover, "there was no part of it," said Montcalm himself of the frowning cliff, "that a hundred men could not defend against the whole British army."

Wolfe had embarked on the *Sutherland*. Sitting in the cabin with him was his old schoolfellow Jack Jervis, the future admiral, who happened to be in charge of a sloop in the Quebec squadron. It was the eve of the glorious 13th of September, 1759. Wolfe had sent for his friend to say that he did not expect to survive the morrow's fight, and to give into Jervis' keeping a miniature which he had been wearing round his neck. It was the portrait of the Miss Lowther already referred to in the quotation from Thackeray's "Virginians," a sister of Sir James Lowther, the first Lord Lonsdale. Wolfe had met her at Bath before he sailed for Louisbourg, and the incident on the *Sutherland* lends sad interest to a letter of hers, written to Wolfe's mother after the hero's death, now in the collection at Squerryes Court.

Two hours later the appointed signal gleamed from the maintop of the *Sutherland*. Wolfe and his officers went on board the boats, already loaded with their full complement of the troops, and the whole flotilla began stealthily to drop down stream. The General himself led the way, and at this supreme crisis of his life, when the slightest misadventure meant failure and almost ruin, he was reciting in solemn and half-whispered tones to the officers about him Gray's *Elegy*, then lately published :—

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." "No one was there," says the American historian Parkman, "to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet."

As the boats rounded the point and drew in towards the beach of the Anse du Foulon, no sign of life came from the summit of the cliff, here about two hundred feet high. Up its zig-zag path went Howe and his volunteers, dragging themselves along by the help of the bushes. The earliest sign of dawn was just streaking the darkness when they saw the cluster of French tents before them. At the first crack of a musket, Wolfe and the rest of his men threw themselves on the precipice, scaling it as they

best could. In half an hour the last battalion of Wolfe's men were on the Plains of Abraham, and in their front lay Quebec.

The French bullets rained with increasing thickness upon the British lines. Wolfe himself was shot through the wrist, but, binding the wound rapidly with his handkerchief, he hastened along the ranks, exhorting his men to reserve their fire. A little later a bullet struck him in the groin, inflicting a wound that would of itself, in all probability, have proved fatal. He paid no heed to it, however, and pressed on at the head of his men. How long his indomitable will would have thus sustained him was not put to the test, for almost immediately another ball passed through his lungs. He staggered forward a few paces, struggling to keep his feet. Lieutenant Brown, of the Grenadiers, was close at hand. "Support me," gasped Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." He shook his head at the mention of a surgeon. "It is needless," he whispered; "it is all over with me," and immediately sank into a sort of stupor. "They run; see how they run!" cried one of the attendants. "Who run?" murmured Wolfe, waking as if out of sleep. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, my lads," returned the dying man, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the St. Charles river and cut off the retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "God be praised, I now die in peace"; and in a few minutes, without apparent struggle or pain, the gallant soul had left the sickly and stricken frame. In the pocket of the coat in which he fell was found a sheet of paper containing the lines—from Pope's version of Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus in the twelfth book of the *Iliad*—which head this chapter. Whether the variations from the original are due to the accident of Wolfe having transcribed the lines from memory, or to his having altered them to suit his own mood, must be uncertain; but never surely has a memorable passage been illustrated in a fashion so striking and so glorious. In the "Annual Register" is recorded the curious fact that "Thomas Wilkins, M.D.,

Galway, died, aged one hundred and two years, in February, 1814. General Wolfe died in his arms."

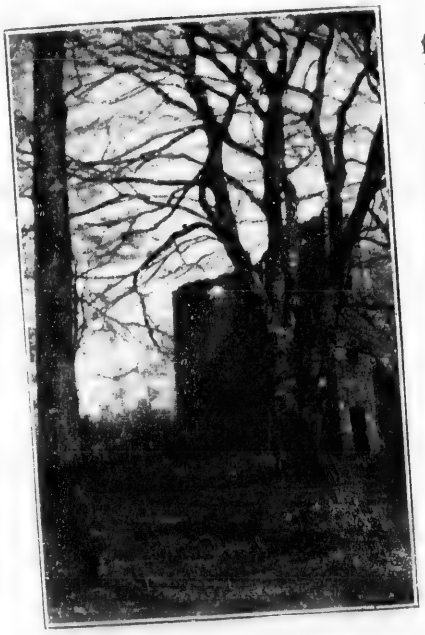
It was in vain that the gallant Montcalm rode furiously from point to point making strenuous efforts to rally his flying soldiers. As he neared the city a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat, however, and, supported by two soldiers, passed amid the thick of the hurrying throng through the St. Louis gate. "How long have I to live?" he asked the surgeons a little later, when they pronounced the wound mortal. "Twelve hours," was the reply. "So much the better," said the stricken general; "I shall not live to see Quebec taken." He died just before the dawn following his defeat, and in the evening was buried in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent. A bursting shell had made a cavity in the floor; and into this grave, a rude box for his coffin, the remains of the gallant Montcalm were dropped, amid the tears of a few nuns and a handful of desponding soldiers.

On the 16th of November the *Royal William*, with all that was mortal of the conqueror of Quebec, cast anchor at Spithead, and thence Wolfe's remains were carried to Greenwich, where they were placed beside his father's in the family vault of the parish church. The national memorial to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey was not unveiled till 1773. Ten years before that a lofty column had been erected to his memory by Lord Temple at Stowe. Besides the cenotaph at Squerryes, there is the tablet over the door of Westerham church, placed there by Wolfe's old friends and neighbours soon after his death. An obelisk upon the Plains of Abraham, erected in 1849 by the British army in Canada, marks the spot upon which tradition says he fell; but of all such tributes perhaps the most pathetic is the stately column on the heights of Quebec, inscribed simply, on the north side, "Montcalm," on the south, "Wolfe." There the gallant foes fought together and died together; there they won imperishable renown, and are worthily commemorated together. They fought a fight which, though numerically insignificant, must ever from its results be counted one of the greatest battles in the world's history. Victory was with the Westerham lad, the fruits of it are still his country's.

CHAPTER V.

SQUERRYES COURT.

A pretty, finely-wooded, well-water'd seate,
the stables good, the house old but convenient.
—EVELYN (1658).



IN SQUERRYES PARK.

SCATTERED about the favoured county of Kent there is many a stately home, girt about with the fairest of typical scenery, stored with rare treasures of art, rich with historic associations. List them, and—if comparison be possible — compare them; and surely there will be few which will surpass Squerryes Court for the natural beauty of its setting, the interest of its possessions and its past. Varied is the landscape around it—wooded hill and pastured combe, wind-swept common, sheltered hop-land, field-path walks through meadow and forest. The unpretentious red-brick mansion overlooks the quiet hamlet and long perspectives of ridge and dale. In its quiet woods the squirrel multiplies apace; quietly from its source within these grounds steals a silvery streamlet, hesitatingly starting for its journey of twenty miles to the Thames.

Soon it will acquire width and depth, so that it may continue to sustain the reputation it had in Spenser's day, for it is his

> "Still Darenth, in whose waters clear
> Ten thousand fishes play."

Hereafter we refer in detail to the Squeries, the Crowmers, the Beresfords of Derbyshire, and other ancient families that occupied the earlier Squerryes Court; to the visit to the present mansion of at least one monarch, William III.; to the association with it for more than a century and a half of the present owners, the Wardes, worthily represented to-day by Lieut.-Colonel Charles Arthur Madan Warde, D.L., J.P., late of the Royal Horse Artillery. A sturdy race of citizens, sailors, soldiers, and good sportsmen ever, the Wardes have rendered yeoman service to their country. Someone asked James I. to make him a gentleman. "Na, na, I canna!" said the Stuart; "I could mak thee a lord, but none but God Almighty can mak a gentleman." The Wardes have remained commoners and gentlemen. They would have conferred distinction upon a title; as little would a title have distinguished them as it would a profound aristocrat like Horace Walpole.

The earliest records of their home at Squerryes Court show that as far back as the time of Henry III. it was the seat of the family of de Squerie, or de Squirie, who took their name from the estate. Whence that got its title is matter for conjecture; most probably, however, the inspirers were the numerous squirrels which made their home, as they do still, in the woods behind the mansion. As herons and heronry are associated, so squirrels may have suggested "squirrelry," and, as a natural contraction, "squirry" and its later forms. A squirrel browsing on a hazel nut was the device of the de Squeries; and once it was to be seen depicted in very ancient glass, which has now disappeared, in Westerham Church.

The Thomas Squerie who died in Henry VI.'s reign held several manors, including West Wickham and a fair stretch of land near Hayes Common; John, his son

and heir, died in 1463, without issue, leaving two sisters co-heiresses. Margaret, the elder of these, is the lady of interest to us, for to her was assigned the manor of Squerryes. She married Sir William Cromer, of Tunstal, Kent, who was a draper in London, and Lord Mayor of that city in 1413 and 1423. He built a chapel in St. Martin Orgar, one of the thirty-five London churches which were not rebuilt after the Great Fire. A modern tower, with projecting clock, conspicuous as one descends St. Martin's Lane, still marks its ancient site. There Sir William was buried in 1433; and his widow, who meanwhile had taken, as her second husband, Lord Poynings, was laid near him sixteen years later. Her son, Sir William Cromer, married Elizabeth, daughter of James Fiennes, first Lord Say and Seale, and both Elizabeth's husband and her father fell victims to Jack Cade, and were beheaded on the same day in 1450, at the Standard in Cheapside, and their heads fixed on London Bridge. That same year Cade was slain near Lewes, with poetic justice, by Alexander Iden, of Westwell, who was the second husband of Elizabeth.

William Cromer, the descendant of Jack Cade's victim, possessed Squerryes, according to Hasted, early in Henry VIII.'s reign; and from him it passed to King Hal's "bow-bender," Sir Thomas Cawarden, who subsequently sold it to the Beresfords. Michael Beresford, the purchaser, bequeathed, by will dated 1607, £4 to the poor of Westerham. To Dorothie, his most beloved wife (she was his third!), he left part of his house at "Squirries"—namely, the little parlour on the north side of the hall, the buttery, the cellars under it, the "kitchin" and the "bowlting house" (bakehouse), the wainscot chamber, the chamber over the kitchin, the "dornix chamber" (that with hangings of coarse damask), and the two chambers and garret on the south side of the house. But she was not to meddle at all with the building or garret or cellar on the north side of the house, but "to suffer my son George to have the same." She was to have the little room at the stairfoot, and the lodging over it, and the new-built house for her poultry, and one of the hogstyes, and the new stable and loft over

SQUERRYES COURT.

all, with free ingress, egress and regress for herself, her children and servants, so long as she continued sole and unmarried. All of which goes to show that Michael was a man of detail, and gives some idea of the house at Squerryes which preceded the present one.

The will of the thoughtful Michael's second wife, Anne, widow of Randall Camme, citizen and salter of London, is dated 1597, and has, among other curious bequests, one which gives some interesting details of the dress of a lady of quality as she appeared at Westerham in that period. Anne leaves to her daughter, Elizabeth, these parcels of her apparel:—One gown of wrought velvet, one kirtle of the same, a gown of damask, two kirtles of velvet, a kirtle of wrought velvet and one of (?) *trifet* taffeta, a petticoat of damask, a petticoat of crimson Callymancho, and one of changeable taffeta, and all linen appertaining to her proper wearing, a cloth gown with two yards of velvet, a turkey grograyne gown with two yards of velvet, a mourning gown of cloth, a petticoat of silk grograne with six welts of velvet, a petticoat of cloth with fur of lysle grograne. One can imagine the fair Elizabeth subsequently flaunting her bequests with considerable effect in Westerham Church.

George, who got the residue of the property after his mother and others were provided for, married Elizabeth Camme, the daughter of his step-mother, and was buried at Westerham in 1613. He had five sons and three daughters, of whom Michael Beresford, the eldest, inherited Squerryes. He sold it to George Strood (afterwards knighted), one of the examiners in Chancery, a steady Loyalist who compounded for his estates with the Parliamentary Commissioners for £2,814.

In 1650, we find Thomas Lambert, or Lambard as he is otherwise called—Hasted calls him the Parliamentary General—owning Squerryes, but in 1654 he sold it to William Leech, who was subsequently knighted at Sir Thomas Alleyn's house. "I went to London to speak with Sir John Evelyn, my kinsman"—says Evelyn, in his "Diary"—"about ye purchase of an estate of Mr. Lambard's at Westerham, which afterwards Sir John himself bought for his son-in-law Leech." Evelyn visited him



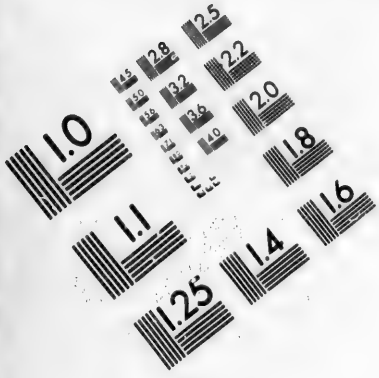
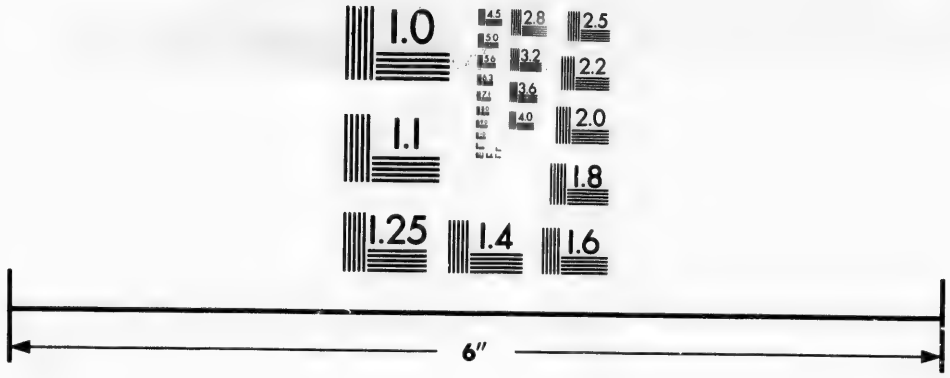
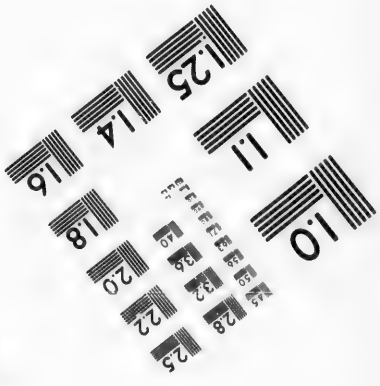




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there in 1658, and he writes that he "went to Squirries to visit my cousin Leech, daughter to Sir John. A pretty, finely-wooded, well-water'd seate," he continues, in the words which head this chapter.

Sir William Leech, who was High Sheriff of Kent in 1667, bequeathed Squerryes to his son John, who three years later sold it to Sir Nicholas Crisp, of Hammersmith, son of the first baronet. There is little doubt, from the evidence of an old plan of Squerryes drawn by Arthur Hewes, and dated 1686, that Sir Nicholas was the builder of the present house.

Sir Nicholas was succeeded by his son, Sir John, who in 1700 sold the estate to Edward, the first Earl of Jersey, Lord Chamberlain of the Household to William III. It may have been due to his office that the King honoured him at Squerryes with a visit, and it may also have had something to do with the "Kentish Petition," sent up by the Grand Jury in this year, expressive of confidence in the King's conduct. On the accession of Queen Anne the Earl was appointed Lord Chamberlain. He died in 1711, on the very day on which he was to have been named Privy Seal, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His son William, one of the Members for Kent in 1705, succeeded, resided principally at Squerryes, and purchased Gasum Farm to add to the estate. He died in 1721, and was buried at Westerham. Strangely enough, though, there is no monument to him—not even a stone to mark the place of his interment!

His son William, the third Earl, sold the estate in 1731 to John Warde, Esq., and henceforward that family were to remain its possessors. Streatfeild quaintly remarks that Squerryes had been like some horse which is constantly in the habit of casting its rider, but the Wardes have kept their seat for more than a century and a half. John Warde, the first owner, was the son of Sir John Warde, Lord Mayor of London in 1719, who was a nephew of Sir Patience Warde, Lord Mayor in 1681, and M.P. for London in 1688. Portraits of both these worthy knights adorn the entrance hall at Squerryes, and a large mirror, now fixed in the present owner's study, was made

for Sir John, as may be seen from the armorial bearings at its apex. They are those of Sir John impaling the coat of Sir William Bucknall, whose daughter was Sir John's wife.

When John Warde purchased Squerryes he had been a widower for four years. His wife, Miss Frances Bristow of Mitcheldever, had died in 1727, after eight years of wedded life. Yet there are many memorials of her throughout Squerryes. Her portrait, by *Dahl*, is here, together with portraits of her two noble sisters—the beautiful Countess of Buckinghamshire (also by *Dahl*), and the even more fascinating Countess of Effingham (by *Sir Godfrey Kneller*), and here also are portraits (both by *Van der Vaart*) of their brother Robert Bristow and his wife Sarah, a daughter of Sir John Warde.

Much of the china to be seen in the house bears the arms of Bristow, impaled with those of John Warde, suggesting that it was made during his wife's lifetime (perhaps at the time of her marriage in 1719) before he purchased Squerryes. The tapestry seen upon the backs and seats of several chairs, and hanging on the walls of one bedroom, bears the same arms woven into its texture. Thus the china and tapestry have been in the house more than a century and a half. Much of the furniture, in the style named after Queen Anne, has also been here for the same long period.

John Warde, eldest son of the purchaser of Squerryes, collected the majority of the pictures now in the house. He was but ten years old when his father bought Squerryes.

His youngest brother, George, was only six years of age when Squerryes became their father's country residence. At that time there was in Westerham a little boy who, as already narrated, subsequently achieved deathless renown. Young James Wolfe was then but four years old. Consequently George Warde and the future General Wolfe grew up together. They were attached playmates in youth and firm friends in later life. One day, early in November, 1714, the two lads were together in the garden at Squerryes when an ensign's commission arrived for young Wolfe. He was then only

fourteen years old. The monumental urn in the garden, referred to in the previous chapter, still marks the spot associated with this fateful event. When General Wolfe sailed from England, for the last time, in 1758, he wrote from Portsmouth to his old playfellow, then a major in the army and stationed at Windsor, in these terms:—"Dear Major,—If my father shou'd die in my absence, I desire that you and Carleton will let my Mother know that jointly with her you are empowered to transact my business, as the enclosed general letter of attorney sets forth; and if you will assist her with your good Council I shall think of it with more satisfaction, and acknowledge it with more gratitude, than anything done to myself."

This letter, with the power of attorney and hundreds of communications written by General Wolfe to his parents, are carefully preserved in the library at Squerryes Court. The commissions in the army granted to General Wolfe and to his father are also in the library. Some bear the sign-manual of Queen Anne, some those of the Georges, and the counter-signatures of the great Duke of Marlborough, Holles, Duke of Newcastle, and others. Another interesting document which has been preserved is the pardon granted in 1667 by Charles II. to Sir Patience Warde for sharing in the Great Rebellion.

John Warde, famous as the "Father of Fox-Hunting," was the son of the collector of the Squerryes pictures. He married the Hon. Susan A. Grimston; one of his brothers — another General George Warde — married Charlotte Madan, niece of the Marquis Cornwallis; and a sister, Katherine, married Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield. Few men have been better known in the world of sport than John Warde. Perhaps he inherited his riding from his uncle, the dashing General George (Wolfe's friend), who used to lead his dragoons across country, over hedges and ditches, to the astonishment of the civilians. John Warde must have hunted the Westerham district before he was twenty-four. Then for a year or two he carried the horn about Yattendon in Berkshire; for some eighteen years he kept hounds in Oxfordshire and Warwickshire; he had the Pytchley for eleven years, the New Forest for five years, and the Craven for another

eleven. Thus, for well over half a century, at least, he was Master of Hounds. What care he lavished on his



Photo by] SQUERRYES COURT. [*C. Essenhigh Corke.*

kennel, and what success he achieved as a breeder, may be inferred from the price for which he sold his pack to Mr. Horlock—a sum (2,000 guineas) which had never at that time been equalled, much less surpassed. Writing of Mr. Warde in 1824, "Nimrod" (Mr. C. J. Apperley)—after referring to his impressive appearance, his high character as a sportsman, his knowledge of hounds, and his wit—says, as evidencing his fine health and vigour, that "being president of his club a short time ago, and having, to use the words of my informant, 'screwed up his party almost to the top hole,' he pulled a fox's head out of his pocket and drank a bumper to fox-hunting. I know not what weight Mr. Warde now rides," continues "Nimrod," "but I do not wonder at his telling a gentleman who was out with him that it would be the

best recipe for his hot horse. He reminded me of a celebrated character among the Welter weights in the Forest, who, on being asked what he weighed, replied that he was 'two-and-twenty stone on the weighbridge'—as much as to say, 'No scales will hold me!'" The mighty hunter died in 1838, at the ripe age of eighty-six, at his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. One of the portraits of him at Squerryes Court, that by *James Green*, is in the dining room. His favourite hounds were two—"Glory" and "Beauty"; the picture shows him with but one, and he is supposed to be soliloquising: "My Beauty hath departed, but my Glory remains."



"THE FATHER OF FOX-HUNTING."

Through Admiral Charles Warde, a son of the second General George, Squerryes descended to the eldest son of the Admiral—George, who married Lady Harriet North and died in 1877—and then to the third son, its present owner, whose second brother had died in 1857.

Of the many and invaluable pictures at Squerryes Court we cannot pretend to give even the barest of catalogues. Here, in addition to those already incidentally referred to, are *Vandyke's* "St. Sebastian" and a "Study of a Head"; *Rembrandt's* "Head of Socrates" (given by Wolfe's friend, General George Warde, to his brother John), and "Head of Christ"; *Teniers'* "Man with Wineglass"; a sketch by *Raphael; Watteau's* "Boy blowing Bubbles"; *Ang. Kaufman's* "Lady Dukinfield" (*née* Warde); *Romney's* "Mrs. Gregory," mother of Admiral Warde's wife; *Opie's* "Charlotte" (*née* Madan), wife of the second General George Warde; a small

sketch by *Gainsborough;* three paintings by *Salvator Rosa;* two landscapes by *Ruysdael; Paolo Veronese's* "Christ with the Woman of Samaria at the Well"; two pictures by *Cuyp*, and several by *John Wotton.* Here also are paintings by *Poussin, Guido Reni, Frank Hals, Cosway, Horremans, Hondekæter, Giordano, Berghem, Barraud, Hemskerk, Breughel, Bassano, Zuccharelli,* and many another. *Benjamin West* contributes three of the collection—two portraits of George Warde (Wolfe's friend), and a posthumous portrait of Wolfe himself as a lad. West was staying at Squerryes, and it is said that he more than once altered this last picture. Finally he was compelled to leave it as it stands, as it bade fair to grow impossibly unlike the central figure in his large canvas, now at Hampton Court, of the "Death of General Wolfe." On the back of the Squerryes picture is pasted West's receipt for £29 8*s.*, the amount paid to him for it and his companion portrait of George Warde as a boy!



Photo by] IN TONBRIDGE HIGH STREET. [*T. A. Flemons.*

CHAPTER VI.

WESTERHAM CHURCH.

Ah! towering pines and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!
Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.—BRET HARTE.

WESTERHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, stands at the east end of the village, "on a site which for beauty can hardly be surpassed," wrote the late Mr. Leveson Gower. No church, as already noted, is mentioned in "Domesday"; and no part of the present building is older than the reign of Henry III. The parish was from the earliest times in the Diocese of Rochester, but was attached to the See of Canterbury about 1850.

There was a church here at the time when Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., granted it, together with an acre of land, to the Prior and Convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, a grant which was confirmed by the King. By an ordinance of Hamo, Bishop of Rochester, about twenty-seven years later, the Vicarage was endowed with a most comprehensive list of tithes.

The Early-English Church probably consisted of a nave, chancel and west tower. Of these there are now remaining the quoins of the south-east and north-east angles of the chancel, and the outer and inner jambs of a triple lancet east window, and portions of an arch high up in the south wall of the chancel, probably those of a window; the tower walls and archway, and the inner jambs, and one head and sill of four belfry lancet windows, and on the eastern face the dripstone of the original nave roof. The tower in the first instance was apparently loftier, both walls and spire. Its present lack of height undoubtedly detracts somewhat from its effectiveness.

The first additions appear to have been the north and south chancel aisles in the fourteenth century, the period of the Decorated style of architecture; but there can be no doubt that a general scheme of alteration and enlargement took place towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the Perpendicular style prevailed. The north and south aisles were added, or, if they before existed, were rebuilt and thrown open to the north and south chancel aisles, the south aisle being some years earlier than the north. The roof of the nave is of the same date and construction as that of the south aisle. In the north wall of the north chancel aisle is a small priest's door, now blocked up, of the same date as the aisle. The south porch has been rebuilt, but apparently much of the old timbering has been used.

The roof was ceiled over early in this century, but during the "restorations" of 1882-3 the plaster was removed, and the oak work, now a striking feature of the church, opened to view. There had been previous alterations in 1854, under the direction of Mr. Teulon, the architect, who abolished the high-backed pews. It was at this period that the then pulpit, a fine old "three-decker," went, alas! no one knows whither (except, perhaps, the contractor). For the 1882-3 restorations Thomas Edward Champion Streatfeild was the architect. It was then, as already stated, that the roof was uncovered and renewed; the handsome east window was put in to commemorate the architect; and the mosaic reredos was added by Lady Harriet Warde and other members of the family in memory of Col. George Warde. This latest restoration cost 6,000*l.*, and the church was, in 1883, re-opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Since then the only further change has been the addition of a second vestry.

The organ—a fine instrument by Lewis, enclosed in a handsome oak case—was erected in 1871, at a cost of 800*l.*, by the above-mentioned Col. George Warde, in memory of his father, Admiral Warde.

There are some interesting records of the Church's history in the Churchwardens' Books and elsewhere. In 1637 there is a grant to George Strode, of Squerryes, and

WESTERHAM CHURCH.

[C. Essenhigh Corke

Photo by]

his heirs, of a burying-place in the north aisle; and twenty years later William Leech, another owner of that mansion, is granted a seat in the church. In 1663 one Sumpter was paid 1*l.* 10*s.* for mending all the glass windows, except those in Sir Marmaduke Gresham's "Chansell." It is on record that at Croydon a man was employed at 2*s.* a day to break the church windows; possibly something similar had been happening at Westerham during the Commonwealth, and had thus provided glazier's work for Sumpter. In 1667 there appears among other items one "for making y^e^ Church Dyall, 1*l.* 14*s.*," and in this connection it may be noted that there is a dial (that is, a sun-dial) in the churchyard at Oxted, and there was formerly one at Limpsfield. In 1712 John Corbet was paid 16*l.* 7*s.* "for writing y^e^ Commandments and upon the altar-piece as per his Bill." (The only monument in the Church of Tatsfield is that to the father and mother of this Corbet.) 1723 saw great expenditure on the bell and clapper, for which 24*l.* was paid. The carriage of the bell cost 3*l.*, and an apparently disproportionate item was 10*s.* "paid for beer to the men that helped up the bell." The present church bells, eight in number, were all recast in or about 1838, and in 1892 they were rehung, the tenor bell (which weighs about 23 cwt.) recast, and the framework and fittings renewed, as a gift by Mary Selina Griffith, a sister of Col. Warde.

One of the first officials who appear in the Churchwardens' Accounts is the "Dogwhipper at the Church Door," and under the same name he figures as late as 1724. Apparently 4*s.* per annum was the pay for the onerous work of keeping the dogs out of church; keeping the boys in order was a more exacting task, for in the last-mentioned year one Swaysland draws 16*s.* for that duty. The church bells were rung upon all great occasions, frequently to the accompaniment of bonfires and much consumption of gunpowder and beer. Merrily rang the Westerham ringers when James II. was proclaimed King; when the rebellious Duke of Monmouth was taken; when the Battle of Blenheim was won; when Stanhope defeated the Spaniards in 1710; when the famous Peace of Utrecht was signed, and on many another important day. They

WESTERHAM CHURCH.

Photo by] *[C. Eyerdish Cook.*

clanged excitedly on May 30th, 1701, when William III. came to Squerryes to visit its then owner, the first Earl of Jersey; but perhaps they pealed most joyously on the night of March 2nd, 1898, when a son and heir was born at Squerryes Court. A similar event had not happened since January 23rd, 1753, when the famous "Father of Fox-Hunting" was born at the Court; and a male child had not been born there for 132 years. "*Licet esse Beatis*," one may wish the new-comer, in the words of the Warde motto and of Horace.

One more reference to these old accounts is all we can indulge in. It dates from 1623, and would seem to show that vagrom men fared badly in Westerham in those days. "Any inhabitant intertayning any such forrener without the consent of the Churchwardens and Overseers" should, it was ordered, be taxed for the relief of the poor to such amount as the rest of the parishioners thought just, in view of the heinousness of "such unneighborlye and improvident cariadge towards the rest of the parish."

Quaint are some of the notices in early Wills. Richard Potter leaves, in 1511, "to the high altar for tithes forgotten, 3*s*. 4*d*.," and his executor is to "pay all the costs and charges of the renewing and new casting of the 'organys' that be now in the said church to be made with 3 stops after the new making." This is a very early mention of an organ which was apparently a fixed one; before this time it is usual to read of a pair of organs which were small movable instruments. Richard Hayward, by his will of 1529, desired to be buried "in the middle ile afore the crucifix," and he left 3*s*. 4*d*. for "the gilding of the Image of our blessed lady in the quere of the said Church." John Potter, by his will of 1533, prefers to be buried in the churchyard, and he directs that his good wife "shall kepe, and her childre after her at their pleasure, all such lights in the said Church of Westerham as I have kept and yet doth, that is to say oon Taper after the trinitie, and an other afore Saint Clement." William Myddleton in 1557 wills that he be buried in the Church, "within Saint Kathern Chapell," and on the floor towards the east end of the south aisle his brass still remains.

At the west end of the south aisle were the King's

Arms, painted in the reign of Edward VI. This is still preserved (under the Tower), and is among the earliest examples of the kind to be found anywhere. In the north aisle was another, bearing the date 1662. The Churchwardens' Accounts record that in that year 4*l.* was paid for drawing it, and 1*l.* 6*s.* for its frame, but posterity has not the benefit of this lavish outlay, as the arms are no longer in the Church. There are some later ones, dated 1804, in the Vestry.

Hasted gives the names of only two early Vicars—Ralph, who is witness to a charter of 1278 (Edward I.), and Richard de Haute, who died in 1337. But Mr. Leveson Gower gives the list to date. The last of the Vicars of both Westerham and Edenbridge was Richard Board, LL.B., who held the living for the extraordinarily long period of sixty-seven years, and officiated until within a short time of his death. His monument in the south aisle records that he died in 1859, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. His successor, the Rev. Henry C. Bartlett, M.A., is Vicar of Westerham only.

The Parish Registers begin in 1559, and edifying indeed are many of their entries. Curious are the side lights they throw on history. Among the baptisms are several of "Mistrells," the definition not being limited to singers, but used for any who played on musical instruments; 1617 saw the baptism of "Fortune," the daughter of Nevill Kettle, a name which the minister "thought unfitt to be given to any Christian woman beinge disclaymed by St. Austine because the Heathen did make Fortune a Goddess and so take away God's Providence." A graver objection might perhaps have been taken to the name of "Venus," by which an infant in Tatsfield was baptized as recently as 1853. Thomas Comber, afterwards Dean of Durham, was baptized here in 1645; and between 1670 and 1680 were baptized several children of "Mr. Sam. Hoadly," afterwards successively Bishop of Bangor, of Salisbury, and of Winchester. James Wolfe ("The General" in the margin of the register), "son of Collonel Edward Wolfe, bap^{t}. Jan. 11th, 1726-7," and "Edward, son of Collonel Edward Wolfe, bap. Jan. 10th, 1728," are two other entries of deep interest.

Among the burials are recorded those of John Myskine (1564), "Awstreger," which possibly means that John was an astrologer; Richard Chapman (1565), a "falkoner"; "oulde John Baker of y^e^ Chart y^t^ was y^e^ measurer of land" (1566); Collyns, the "windmiller" (about 1570); "Sir" William Dye, "p'son of Tatesfeilde in Surrey," to whom there is a brass in the church; Thomas Bruson, "called y^e^ 'cackle' of West^m^" (1593); Thomas Buzlle (1605), "a man that travyled w^t^ letters of my lorde treasurer to Knowlle the w^ch^ man as he travyled in the town of Westram in Kent, he fell downe ded October the ffyrste & was buried David Thomas the ffletcher (*sic*)"; George Tyffyte, a "tyle hoste man" (1605); Michael Hayward, "bruar" (1608); Robert Ivens, a "glassman" (1627); and an "ould" man, whose name is undecipherable, but who in 1657 "dep^t^ this life being a Hundred and od years old." From 1678 there are recorded the burials "in wool only" of several persons, among them Nicholas Crisp, one of the owners of Squerryes. In 1699 there is the pathetic record of the burial of "a stranger that was found dead in Gabriel Smith's hogsty"; and in 1721 William, the second Earl of Jersey, of Squerryes, was also "buried in Woollen." These give but a glimpse of the registers, for space forbids inclusion of the many references to the Wardes, Rivers, Middletons, Potters, Dawlings, Beresfords, and other families imperishably associated with the history of Westerham.

Of memorials in the Church there are many. On the north wall are mural tablets to Ranulph Manning and others of the family; a modern brass to the late George Warde of Squerryes (died 1877), the memorial of the officers and men who served under him as Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the 1st City of London Rifle Volunteers for fourteen years; and an inscription for John Darling (d. 1698), Counsellor of the Inner Temple, who was "well skill'd in the English Laws Particularly in Drawing of Special Pleadings and Conveyances and well learn'd in all Liberal Sciences. One of the Justices of the Peace in the Quorum of Surrey to his late Majesty Charles the Second and also one of the Clerks

of the Petty-Bagg office in the High Court of Chancery." His grandparents, his parents, his two wives, and other near relations are also interred here; and on the tablet Mary Brecknock, his daughter, announces her intention of eventually reposing with them. A subsequent record below records that, at the age of seventy-seven, the "abovesaid" Mary kept her vow.

Here also is a modern brass to General George Warde (d. 1830), of Woodland Castle, Glamorganshire, brother to the "Father of Fox-Hunting" and grandfather of the present Lieutenant-Colonel Warde of Squerryes; and to his wife Charlotte (d. 1832), only daughter of the Right Rev. Spencer Madan, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, and niece of the Marquess Cornwallis. Among many less conspicuous memorials of the Warde family, one other on this wall will be noticed —that erected by the officers of his regiment to Arthur Warde, of Squerryes Lodge, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, who died at Landour, in the East Indies.

On the east wall, below the first five-light stained glass window, is a memorial to Thomas Knight—(d. 1708), Clerk of Assize for the Norfolk Circuit—and his wife. Quaint is the Latin inscription, with "a notice of it in English" as follows—

> What meane those stones y^t^ hollowed are so deep
> Or those fair Monuments but that they keep
> A thing not dead but laid downe for to sleep.

The east window of the north aisle, a fine work by C. E. Kempe, bears an inscription recording that it was erected in 1890, in memory of Admiral Charles Warde and Mariana, his wife, by their children surviving. In the tracery on one side are introduced the arms of the family, simply encircled with the collar and cross of a Knight of Hanover; on the other side are those of the family of Gregory; and in the centre quatrefoil those of both families are impaled. The centre light represents the Resurrection, in the presence of angels bearing scrolls. Beneath are the Roman soldiers, startled from sleep. There are also introduced four subsequent events: Our

Lord making Himself known to the two disciples at Emmaus, the angels appearing to the women at the sepulchre, the charge of the risen Saviour to St. Peter by the Sea of Galilee, and the confession of the doubting St. Thomas.

Sad is the next inscription, which records how Henry John Gregory Warde,—the second son of Admiral Charles Warde, K.H. (Knight of Hanover), and brother of the present owner of Squerryes—fell in the treacherous massacre of Cawnpore, in 1857, in the twentieth year of his young life, though not before he had followed in the footsteps of his ancestors and won the testimony of being "a model soldier," whose "death was a great loss to his country." "He held," says General Neill, "a conspicuous post in the siege, which (regardless of his own wounds received while rescuing the women, children and wounded from the burning barracks) he never quitted, and by his quiet enduring determination he won the confidence and admiration of the little band he commanded."

Under the very beautiful five-light window in the chancel is the reredos previously referred to, of carved alabaster and glass mosaic panels, the central one representing "The Last Supper"; and to the right are memorials to the Rev. John Bodicoate, M.A., Vicar of Westerham from 1771 to 1792, and to his widow, whose second husband was Edward, Earl Winterton. A noticeable monument beyond, with figures of a man and woman kneeling, is for Thomas Potter of Well Street (d. 1611), who married Mary, daughter of Richard Tichbourne, of Edenbridge, and secondly Dame Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Rivers, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1573.

The chancel window itself, by James Powell, was given by "those who loved him" in memory of T. E. Champion Streatfeild, of Chart's Edge, the architect for the last restoration of the church. He died just before completing the work in which he was so deeply interested.

Under the third "richly-dight" window are some of the brasses to which we refer again later in this chapter. Just beyond is still a piscina, one of those ancient niches which used to contain a small basin and a water-

drain down which the priest emptied the water in which the chalice had been rinsed.

The east window of the south aisle (also by C. E. Kempe) was erected by the relatives and friends of Dr. Charles Robert Thompson, whose sudden death by accident in 1887 deprived the town of a much-loved resident. Probably few country parishes are so fortunate as Westerham in the possession of such beautiful modern works of art as these three east windows.

On the south wall, which has one three-light stained-glass window, a memorial that will be noticed with interest is that to Lieut. Henry David Baillie, who joined the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade before Sebastopol, and was engaged in both assaults on the Redan. In 1857, the year in which young Warde was massacred at Cawnpore, he sailed for India, and for a year saw active service with Lord Clyde's army and under Sir James Hope Grant. His death, on his passage home, cut short a career already eventful and full of promise. A mural tablet near commemorates yet another young life given for Queen and country—that of Horace de Berckhem Bosworth, an ensign in the 26th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, who was killed in action at Aurungabad, in the Deccan, in 1853. Two of his brothers also died in India in their country's service—Thomas, of the Artillery, and Percy Mackie, of the famous 42nd Highlanders. Below it is a modern brass to Lieut.-Col. Thomas Trencher Haggard, R.A. (d. 1877); and his son, Lieut. John Haggard, R.H.A., who died at Murree, India, in 1891. Another piscina in this wall, between the second and third windows from the east, is hidden behind a pew-back.

Over the south door is the tablet to the most renowned of Westerham's soldier heroes—General Wolfe. It was placed there in 1760 at the expense of Ranulph Manning; Ralph Manning, of "Valence"; Thomas Ellison, of "Well Street" (now "Chartwell") and "Spiers" (now Quebec House); Pendock Price, of "Springfield" (now Major Board's house); John Cosyn; John Bodicoate, of "The Breaches"; Jonathan Chilwell; and the Rev. George Lewis, M.A., the then Vicar. The inscription.

which is of considerable literary merit, was probably written by the Vicar, and runs thus—

> While George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
> And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead;
> We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name
> Brave Youth! the fairest in the list of fame.
> Proud of thy Birth, we boast th' auspicious year
> Struck with thy Fall, we shed a general tear;
> With humble grief inscribe our artless stone
> And from thy matchless Honors date our own.
>
> I DECUS I NOSTRUM.

The reference in the second line is, of course, to the work of the sculptor in the Westminster Abbey memorial. Of the concluding words I Decus I Nostrum (Go, our ornament, go!), the story runs that a visitor, unskilled in Latin, was gravely assured that they immortalised the names of two churchwardens—John Decus and John Nostrum! We have seen the words from Virgil printed, with unintentional humour, as "Sdecas Snortium," naturally without any explanation.

On the floor of the Church are several memorial stones which we cannot refer to in detail. Perhaps one in the south aisle tells the most pathetic story. It is to John, son of Anthony Earning, merchant, "who was unfortunately slain in ye Strand, over against ye New Exchange, on June 18, 1688, in ye 19 yeare of his age." Another, removed from its original position near the Communion rails to the west end of the nave, records that the "Communion space" was paved by Sir John Crisp, Bart., in remembrance of Sir Nicholas Crisp's eldest son, who died in 1692 at the early age of seventeen.

Of the ancient brasses that remain in the Church there are eight. Originally, no doubt, there were others, among them the effigies of two civilians (*circa* 1545), and a palimpsest brass—that is, one with another figure on the reverse side—of about 1520. But these are no longer to be seen. The most interesting of those that do exist is the pre-Reformation brass, with the effigy of "Sir" William Dye, "p'son of Tatesfeild" (d. 1572), which is near the lectern. On one side of it is an inscription only for John Lovestede (1676); and on the

other side inscriptions and effigies for William Stace (1556), his wives Joan and Alice, and fifteen children, and for John Stace (1533), and Margaret and Joan his wives. The effigies have been misplaced, and William's children (and, for aught we know, his wives) appear over John's inscription. Of the brasses at the east end of the south aisle, the two placed upright are for Richard Hayward (1529), who left 6s. 8d. to pay for the burial of his body "in the myddell ile afore the crucifixe," and Anne his wife, with eight children; and Richard Potter (1563), his three wives, Elizabeth, Anne, and Alice, and twenty children. He had lands in Westerham, Brasted, Edenbridge, and Cudham, which he left to his son Thomas; and to his third wife he left "six keene [cows] and all houshold stuff, pewter and brass, sheets and linnen which she had at the time I married her, one of the newer tablecloths, twelve napkins, and one of the newest coverletts of dornixe, and my little mare which I bought of Brewood, and the newest side saddle, and all the furniture." On the floor is the brass, previously referred to, for William Middleton (1557), and his wives, Elizabeth and Dorothy; and another for Thomas Potter (1621).

In the vestry there is the engraving from the portrait of Wolfe already referred to in Chapter IV.; and a photograph of the memorial window to the hero in Greenwich Church. Here, also, are engravings of the portraits of two other of Westerham's worthies—Thomas Comber, D.D., Dean of Durham (d. 1699); and "The Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter."

From the quiet "God's acre" around the Church there is a beautiful view. Northwards are seen the chalk hills, from the steep ascent of Westerham Hill to the woods above Chevening, the Pilgrims' Way creeping along their sunny slope. Away over the chestnut and yew, and beyond the first piece of Westerham land taken—a century ago—for a nursery ground, stretches, at the base of the Northern Downs, the Holmesdale Valley, the tiny Darenth stealing out into it from the grounds of Darenth towers. A little to the right the gables of Quebec House peer through the trees; beyond it rise the steep

slope and woods of Dunsdale and the flagstaff of Valence, the shaded road to Sevenoaks winding along at the foot of these grounds. Still more to the right, to the left of two cedars in the churchyard, is seen the rising ground behind the Vicarage, once one of the many Kentish gardens which have gradually ceased, acre by acre, to cultivate "that wicked weed called hops."

In the burial ground itself there is many a stone which has its tale to tell of local significance. Many a memorial is fast, unfortunately, becoming unreadable, and one cannot help regretting that there are no funds available to restore such records, often of even national interest as modest links in the chain of history. "When I look upon the tombs of the great," says the genial Spectator, "every motion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow." Here, beautifully and sufficiently, is voiced the plea of these silent preachers steadily crumbling to decay in most of the beautiful country grounds where our dead sleep. In Westerham churchyard, to the right of the path leading from the entrance gate, is the sundial, over two centuries old, now fallen into disrepair and disuse. A wooden cross, the first introduced here, still remains; but of the wooden "rails" which were numerous even when the present Vicar first took office we notice but one still surviving in a state of preservation. It is under the shadow of the east wall of the Church, near to the tomb of the eccentric Hector, third Earl of Norbury (died 1873), of Valence.

Fortunately, perhaps, the inscriptions on the stones have escaped the inclusion of grotesque epitaphs which sometimes jar on one's sense of the fitness of things. It is recorded that there was once visible the couplet—

> Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
> Into Thy arms, my God, I flies.

It may be there still, but we have not been able to discover it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EDENBRIDGE ROAD.

"O famous Kent," quoth he,
"What county has this isle that can compare with thee?"
—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FIVE main roads meet at Westerham: one from London, by Bromley; a second from London, by Croydon; a third from Edenbridge; a fourth from Godstone; and a fifth from Maidstone. Assuming that the reader has now some knowledge of Westerham itself, something may be said about the last three of these five far-reaching arteries. The first two are dealt with in Chapter I., the remaining ones in this and succeeding sections.

Here we take the Edenbridge road, unquestionably one of the most beautiful drives in the South of England. It leaves Westerham just opposite "Quebec House"; runs between a lodge of "Valence" and the brewery opposite; climbs Hosey Hill, and reaches at the top of this ascent Hosey Common (on the left), with its school buildings and its inviting

Seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.

The lodge (on the right) with the elaborate bargeboard is at an entrance to "Chart's Edge," a modern Gothic house once the residence of the Rev. Thomas Streatfeild, the well-known Kentish antiquary; and of T. E. Champion Streatfeild, the architect for the latest restoration of Westerham Church.

We are but a mile from Westerham, yet on both sides of us, open to the road and to those who ramble along it, are the most inviting paths through sheltering forest, or over sun-browned heath. Between Tower Wood and Hosey Common we continue, noticing, just before beginning to descend Horns Hill, and opposite a County Council

notice-board affixed to a tree, the beginning of a ditch-like cutting, which for a time runs parallel with our road, and then bears away to the right. It is the remains of one of the old pack-horse roads common in this part of the country as the only means of communication between village and village when dense woods covered these hills. Evidences of them can still be clearly traced in Chevening and Knole Parks and elsewhere; and there is little doubt that the long cavalcades of horses which trod out these undulating tracks carried in their panniers many a freight which was never taxed by exciseman.

At the foot of the hill a glorious valley stretches away to right and left of us. A guide-post points the way to Four Elms, Hever, Chiddingstone and Penshurst; but, almost with reluctance, we journey straight on across the bottom of the valley, turn sharply to the right, and skirt a towering pine wood, which rises steeply above us on the left. The road swings round the forest base, and here again are walks galore, for this is famous Crockham Hill Common, in parts over 700 feet above sea level, with commanding views over three counties—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.

We are by the second milestone from Westerham, and just past it there will be noticed a cart-track to the left, with a sign-post indicating in almost obliterated letters that it leads over the hill to "Chartwell." We refer to this exquisitely-situated mansion in a "ramble" in Chapter X. Keeping to the road, we are for a few paces shut in by a high bank and a hedge, as if purposely made to prevent us anticipating by degrees the grand prospect that is presently opened up with effective suddenness.

Across the valley on our left are seen the oast-houses and other buildings of "Froghole" (now "Uplands") farm, and the sloping bank on our side of the valley was the scene of the earlier of the two remarkable landslips referred to in Chapter II. Crockham Hill Church rises above the hop gardens ahead of us, and in a few minutes we are in the delightful village itself.

The Church (Holy Trinity: Rev. Cameron Churchill, M.A.) was built, in the Gothic style, at the sole expense of Charles Warde, Esq., of Squerryes Court, in 1842. It



Photo by] CROCKHAM HILL. [*C. Essenhigh Corke.*

has some excellent modern stained glass, and already a number of memorials—for the Campbell Colquhouns, of "Chartwell," the widow of William Champion Streatfeild, of "Chart's Edge," the Rev. Richard Vincent, M.A., a former incumbent, and others.

Continuing through the village, past the "Royal Oak" inn, the road which branches to the left to Four Elms, and (also on the left) "Lewins" (J. Robinson, Esq.), we note the third milestone from Westerham, and at a few paces beyond it a road (to the right) which leads to "Dairy Farm," a picturesque homestead of ancient date. It is mentioned in a Court Roll of 1547, and in 1654 it is recorded that Sir Thomas Rivers held it.

A little further along the road "Redlands" (A. B. Graves, Esq.) is passed, and at $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Westerham we reach the Edenbridge Station of the S.E.R. Then on the left is the Edenbridge Station of the L. B. & S. C. R., whence the train can be taken to Hever, the next station, $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles away by rail. Then we enter Edenbridge (5 miles from Westerham), on the western outskirts of the Weald, in a district which still retains much of its primitive simplicity, its quaint and antique farmhouses, its old mansions and its ancient woods. Edenbridge still has chalybeate springs, probably as efficacious as those at Tunbridge Wells. The chief feature of the village street is the sign of the "Crown Hotel," which spans the road between some quaint low houses.



EDENBRIDGE CHURCH.

Hard by is the Church, a large building, mainly

Perpendicular, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. It has in its windows the remnants of some good stained glass; and it contains also a Norman font, a brass for John Selyard, of Brasted (d. 1558); a mural monument to William Selyard (1595); and an altar tomb to the Martin family (1458). As already noted, Edenbridge Church was formerly attached to the vicarage of Westerham.

Just beyond the Church, the road crosses the Eden river, and one notices on the low parapet on the left a dilapidated sundial, dated 1846, and minus its indicator. The next turning on the left, by a timbered cottage, would take us to Hever, 2 miles further.

The cyclist who wishes to further explore this beautiful road may spin on through Stamford End ($6\frac{1}{4}$ miles), Brook Street ($6\frac{3}{4}$), Cowden Pound ($7\frac{3}{4}$), Kent Water ($9\frac{1}{2}$), Hartfield ($12\frac{1}{2}$), Uckfield ($22\frac{1}{2}$), Hailsham ($35\frac{1}{2}$), and will find himself in due course at Eastbourne, $42\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Westerham.



Photo by] ON THE MEDWAY: BY TONBRIDGE. [*T. A. Flemons.*

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE MAIDSTONE ROAD.

While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That as with molten glass inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.—COWPER.

THE turnpike road from Westerham to Maidstone, a distance of 21¼ miles, passes many places of great beauty and interest. Following the road down the hill past Quebec House, our way lies first between the grounds of "Valence," on the right, and, on the left, the green pastures through which the Darenth runs, the North Downs looking drowsily over the valley. Soon we reach, at 1¾ miles, Brasted.

Brasted is mentioned in Domesday Book as Briestede, the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It then had a church, two mills, and woodland sufficient for the pannage of twenty hogs. In the time of Edward the Confessor, Alnod the Abbot held the manor of the then Archbishop, and it was worth ten pounds. It passed out of the possession of the See of Canterbury to the Stafford family, and was part of the inheritance of Humphrey Stafford when he was created Duke of Buckingham. Sir Henry Isley, who was executed at Sevenoaks for taking part in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, subsequently held it. He lost it on his attainder, but it was by Queen Mary restored to his son and successor, Henry. From him it passed by purchase into the hands of Samuel Lennard, of Chevening, whose son Sampson married Margaret, sister of Lord Dacre, and was himself subsequently created Baron Dacre. His great-grandson Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre, was

created Earl of Sussex by Charles II., and on his death in 1715 the Chevening estate and Brasted manor were purchased by the first Earl Stanhope.

Just before entering the village a turning to the left will be seen to cross the Darenth and lead direct to Brasted Church. At the top of this side road a specimen of topiary work—a pyramid-shaped yew—shades a picturesque cluster of houses, the one nearest the tree bearing an announcement that "this Mill House was built in the yeare 1705." Away to our right front, a little to the east of the Church, is the rectory (Rev. James W. Rynd, M.A.), a modern building pleasantly situated in beautiful grounds. At the entrance to the churchyard is the "Stanhope Arms" hotel, architecturally designed with admirable consideration for its surroundings; and in a few paces we are under the shadows of some grand old yews within the gates of the breeze-swept burial ground.

Brasted Church is dedicated to St. Martin, and, with the exception of its Early-English tower, was entirely



BRASTED CHURCH.

rebuilt in 1866, in the Early-English style, at a cost of £3,667. It, however, contains some old monuments. Of these a rough stone with a bold cross, now built

upright into the western wall, but formerly laid along in the north wall of the chancel, is undoubtedly the most ancient. Next to it is a stone placed in the chancel, near the vestry door, having in almost obliterated letters a border inscription in Lombardic characters to the memory of Edward de Mepham, a Rector of the Church. The stone slab bears the impress of a foliated cross, the brass of which has disappeared, and above it the demi-figure of a priest. There is an altar tomb with recumbent figures representing a judge in his robes and a lady in Stuart costume, to the memory of Sir Robert Heath, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas (d. 1649), and Margaret his wife (d. 1647).

There is also another altar tomb to Dorothy (d. 1613), daughter of William Cromer, of Tunstal. She married first William Seylliard, of Brasted, and secondly Michael Beresford. The "browsing" heraldic squirrels at once recall Squerryes, and we imagine Margaret's second husband was the Beresford who purchased that manor from Henry VIII.'s "bow-bender." If so, Margaret must be the lady who enjoyed for some years the dornix chamber and the little room at the stairfoot, and so many other quaint possessions at "Squirries."

Of the more modern monuments, that to King George III.'s favourite physician, Dr. John Turton, is the most interesting. It is a massive white marble monument with a sarcophagus, on which are placed a Bible and prayer-book and a snake coiled round a club, the work of Sir Richard Westmacott. By its side is a smaller and plainer monument, with the figure of a man absorbed in grief leaning upon a broken pillar inscribed with the words "To Gratitude." It was erected by Edmund Turton, of Brasted Park, to the memory of Mary, widow of John Turton.

Two stained glass windows will be noticed. One was provided by subscription as a memorial of Dr. Mill (d. 1853), who was for ten years Rector of the parish; the other was added in memory of his successor, William Buxton Holland, who died in 1864.

"The old tower of Brasted Church, once plastered, has stood for at least six hundred years. In its original

design the two buttresses at the east were placed and still are square with the walls, while those at the west both ran up at the angles. Of these the one at the south-west angle still remains, its well-defined plinth proclaiming it to be part of the original fabric. But the settlement towards the north-west had evidently been so great that the buttress at the angle was removed, and two were run up at right angles to each other on either face to give it additional support. These are clearly of much later date, for they are built against the wall, not into it, nor have they plinths, while on the north face a third buttress has been subsequently added on a most rough unhewn foundation." Thus Mr. Cave Browne. The buttress porch on the west face of the tower is a most singular architectural feature—"almost unique," says Glynne.



BRASTED CHURCH TOWER.



BRASTED RECTORY.

To avoid retracing our steps to the main road we turn to the left on coming out of the Church gate, and keep straight on along a narrow path that skirts the rectory grounds. It leads by a pretty walk back into Brasted.

In a few paces a mansion to the right of the road comes so conspicuously into view that it is not likely to be

missed. It is "Brasted Park," and was originally known as "Stockets," six hundred years ago, being held in Edward I.'s reign by Walter de Stocket, under the Earl of Glo'ster and Hereford, the lord of the manor. Lora, the daughter of his son Simon, married Richard Boare, and their grandson Nicholas left it to Thomas Crowe, who had married Nicholas' only daughter, Jane. Hence it was called "Crowe Place." In the Crowe family it remained until the latter end of the reign of James I., when it passed to a Brasted family named Heath. The first Heath was a lawyer, and was successively Recorder of London, Solicitor General, Attorney General, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. For his loyalty to his King he was impeached, and his estates sequestered. He only saved his life by escaping to France, where he died, as already stated in the reference to his tomb in the Church, in 1649. At the Restoration his son Edward was reinstated in the family property, and as he had no children, his brother John became his successor. John became Attorney General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and received the honour of knighthood. He married Margaret Mennes, daughter and heiress of Sir Matthew Mennes, of Sandwich, a lineal descendant of James V. of Scotland. Their only child, Margaret, in 1688 married the Rev. George Verney, to whom, on her father's death, she carried the Brasted property. He subsequently became Dean of Windsor, and succeeded to the family title as Lord Willoughby.



BRASTED PARK.

His great-grandson, Lord Willoughby de Broke, sold Brasted Park to Lord Frederick Campbell, who again sold it to Dr. Turton, already referred to in connection with the Church. Dr. Turton pulled down the old mansion and built the greater portion of the present one. The clock presented to him by the king—which was

formerly in the clock-turret at the Horse Guards—still strikes the hour at Brasted Park; and on the walls of the present billiard room is still preserved the paper which was given by the Emperor of China to George III., the gift of good Queen Charlotte to her physician. Dr. Turton, having no family, adopted his kinsman, Mr. Edmund Peters, son of the Mrs. Peters who became the second wife of the Rev. J. Gibbons, Rector of Brasted. He assumed the name of Turton on succeeding to the property. Mr. Peters Turton sold the mansion to W. Tipping, Esq., who greatly enlarged it. It still belongs to that family.



IDE HILL CHURCH.

Brasted Park has additional interest from having been for a time the residence of Napoleon III., just previous to his futile descent upon Boulogne. He left it, in company with a friend and a tame eagle (which, according to a reviewer in a recent issue of *Literature*, turned out to be a vulture), in 1840, in the vain expectation of frightening Louis Philippe from the throne.

Flanking the grounds, a road to the right will be noticed. It indicates a beautiful walk to Ide Hill (2 miles), whence there is a glorious view over the Weald of Kent. The name is possibly a corruption of Hyde, a family who once owned it, and to whom further reference is made later. Ide Hill Church is a modern building in the Early-English style.

Journeying on, a mansion in the Italian style is almost immediately seen on the left, high above the road and some distance from it. This is Combe Bank, another of

the many beautiful and historic seats in this favoured district. It is possible that there was originally some camp or fortification near it, the Saxon *comb* signifying a camp. Most probably here was a burying-place for Roman soldiers, as many urns of unique shape have been found in digging near it; and it has been thought there was a Roman military way which led from Oldborough (now Oldbury), near Ightham, through this place to Keston Camp, near Bromley. The estate was formerly in the possession of the Isleys, who sold it, at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, to the Ash family. By them it was transferred to Col. John Campbell, who in 1761 succeeded to the title of Duke of Argyll, and five years later was created Baron Sundridge. He lived constantly at Combe Bank before his succession to the peerage, but afterwards he gave the property to his son, the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Campbell, who was a Privy Councillor.



COMBE BANK.

The wife of Lord Frederick was the youngest daughter of Amos Meredith, son and heir of Sir William Meredith, of Hanbury, and was the widow of Lawrence, Earl Ferrers. Mary Meredith was married to her first husband in 1752, but his treatment of her obliged her to seek a separation. Shortly after, Earl Ferrers deliberately shot his steward for the part that unfortunate employee took in the divorce proceedings, and was in 1760 condemned to the gallows.

His execution was, we imagine, a unique proceeding. His lordship dressed himself in his wedding garments, and set out from the Tower amidst crowds of spectators, and preceded by grenadiers, and the sheriff in a chariot and six, the horses gaily decorated with ribbons. Lord Ferrers himself was in a landau drawn by six horses, and behind him followed an escort of horsemen, the other sheriff's carriage, a mourning-coach, and finally the hearse which was to take his corpse to Surgeon's Hall.

On his way to Tyburn the eccentric lord conversed freely. "The apparatus of death, and the passing through crowds of people," he said, "are ten times worse than death itself; but I suppose they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps they will never see another." To the sheriff he said: "I have written to the king, begging that I might suffer where my ancestor, the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, suffered, and I was in great hopes of obtaining that favour, as I have the honour of being allied to his Majesty, and of quartering part of the royal arms. I think it hard that I must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons." There, however, he did die, the silken rope used doing its work with the same plebeian want of consideration shown by hemp to malefactors of commoner clay.

The sequel was even stranger. Lord Ferrers had prophesied a more terrible death for his widow, and the prediction was curiously fulfilled at Combe Bank in 1807, when Lady Frederick Campbell was burnt to death in one of the towers. It is supposed she was reading over her dressing-room fire, became drowsy, and fell forward so as to ignite her garments, which in turn set light to the furniture of the room. On a search among the *débris* only one bone was discovered, and this lonely relic was buried in a coffin in Sundridge Church.

After the Campbells, Combe Bank was occupied by the parents of Cardinal Manning, who were also buried in Sundridge Church. The austere Cardinal has himself recorded that he was one of three boys, two of whom became Bishops, who once robbed the vinery at Combe Bank. Their crime was the more heinous as they seized upon the vine's last bunches, which, the Cardinal told the late Mr. Spottiswoode, had been specially reserved for a dinner party! The Cardinal also suffered the comical misfortune of losing by fire the tails of his first dress coat while waiting at Combe Bank to accompany his sister to a ball! After the Mannings, Lord Templemore owned the property and sold it in 1844 to the Rev. A. P. Clayton, from whose trustees it was purchased in 1872 by the late William Spottiswoode, President of the

Royal Society (d. 1883). Under his direction the room in which the unfortunate Lady Campbell met her tragic fate was rebuilt, and the great saloon beautified by Walter Crane.

SUNDRIDGE (2½ miles from Westerham) is practically a continuation of Brasted. In the Domesday Book it is written Sondresse, and in the "Textus Roffensis" Sunderesce. In the old chronicles we are told that the great Earl Godwin unjustly withheld it from the Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and after the Conquest, Odo, the powerful Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to the Conqueror, took possession of it with other places. It was, however, recovered by Lanfranc, the Lombard monk, soon after he was raised to the Archiepiscopal dignity in 1076.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO SUNDRIDGE.

The survey for Domesday being taken after this event, it was entered therein as the property of the Archbishop, and as including three mills and eight and a-half acres of meadow, wood for the pannage of sixty hogs, and a church.

The manor of Sundridge was let to the family of Apulderfield by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry III.; and subsequently Sir Ralph de Frenyngham became the possessor. Sir Ralph resided at Farningham, then called Frenyngham, and was lord of that manor. His son John succeeded to his estates and his shrievalty, and died in the thirteenth year of Henry IV.'s reign, bequeathing Sundridge to his kinsman, Roger Isley.

William, Roger's eldest son, also sheriff of the county, died three years after the accession of Edward IV., leaving his property to his nephew John (d. 1483), who was buried in Sundridge Church. The inscription on his tomb was legible when Philipot wrote his survey of Kent, about the middle of the seventeenth century,

but, like the old house of the Isleys, it has entirely disappeared.

John Isley left an only son, Thomas, who married a daughter of Sir Richard Guldeford, Banneret of the Garter and Comptroller of the Household to Henry VIII., and left an imposing family of ten sons and three daughters. Henry, the heir, a sheriff like the other Isleys, fills a considerable page in history. It was he who was concerned in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, an outbreak which cost him his life. He was executed at



SUNDRIDGE CHURCH.

Sevenoaks a year after the coronation of Queen Mary, and his lands were confiscated by the Crown. His son William, however, redeemed them by the payment of £1,000, but was unable to keep his hard-won inheritance. Becoming indebted to the Crown, he was obliged to convey the manor of Sundridge to the Queen, and it remained Crown property until James I. granted it to Nicholas Street and George Fouch at a yearly rent.

The manor next passed into the possession of William Saville, Marquis of Halifax; and on his death it was allotted to Richard, Earl of Burlington, in right of his

wife Dorothy. A few years after it seems to have been regarded as two manors, as at the end of Charles I.'s reign one Booker conveyed it to John Hyde, second son of Charles' Commissioner of Customs, under the title of Sundrish Upland and Sundrish Weald. Mr. Hyde lived at Sundridge Place, died in 1677, and was buried in the church. His son, Saville, inherited the estate, pulled down the old mansion and erected a farmhouse in its stead.

Earl Amherst, of "Montreal," which we pass later on, is now lord of the manor, his grandfather having purchased it from the Hyde family.

For the Church we turn to the right at a sign-post which directs us to Ide Hill and Chiddingstone. A little way up this road a grandly-wooded avenue on the left leads us to the lych-gate and the yews within it. From the slope of the shingled spire of the Church peeps out a "sanctus" bell-turret, within which still remains the original bell which of old was rung at the words of the Mass—*Sancte, Sancte, Sancte, Deus Sabaoth*—so that all who were absent might bend the knee in reverence of the holy office then being celebrated in the Church. We are in a churchyard which will tempt us to linger, for its situation can hardly be matched for beauty, even in Kent. Mellowed with the orange and grey tints of lichen are its stones, many of them noteworthy for their age or inscriptions. As we enter there is a railed tomb to the left of the path for Henry Mompesson, done to death, a Latin inscription tells us, by a highwayman in France; on the outer walls of the Church are memorials of the Hyde family; by the eastern boundary of the ground, sheltered with trees and a hedge of yew, is the tomb of Dr. Porteus (d. 1809), Bishop of Chester and afterwards of London, and his wife.

The original portions of the Church—the dedication of which is, curiously, unknown—are mainly Early-English; the additions Perpendicular. The building in 1882 suffered from a fire, which destroyed the contents of the chancel, all the stained glass, and the remains of the ancient rood-screen and of an old confessional chair of great antiquarian interest. During the rebuilding in the

same year the gallery at the west end was taken down, and new open seats of carved oak provided. Above the severely-simple Early-English arcades of the nave are seen the windows of the clerestory, now, owing to the raising of the roof, no longer outer lights. High up the wall of the south aisle are seen indications of two doors to the rood loft; and on each side of the east window is a relic of the lancet windows which preceded it. The chancel has on the south side a double piscina, and on the north a square aumbry—a kind of closet used in ancient churches for the storage of utensils. The memorials of most interest in the Church are those to the Isleys and the Hydes. Here are the Perpendicular altar tomb, from which the brasses have been removed, for John Isley and his wife (1484); a brass for Roger Isley (1429); another for Thomas Isley and his wife (1515), and a third for a civilian, probably one of the same ancient family. Some busts of the Campbells, in niches, by Mrs. Damer, who is buried here, and some good stained glass will also be noticed. Among the latter, a three-light window in the north wall is a noteworthy example of modern craftsmanship. Outside the vestry door is a slab, formerly inlaid with a handsome foliated brass cross no longer existing. Round the stone runs an inscription which has been conjectured to be "*Vous ke par ici passet pur lalme de Johan Delarue priet ke pour lame priera sis vint jours de pardoun avera*,"—that is, "You who hereby pass, for the soul of John Delarue pray. He who for his soul shall pray 120 days of pardon shall have."

In the days of pluralities in the Church of England, Sundridge was held by three of its Rectors—Dr. Vyse, Christopher Wordsworth, and Dr. D'Oyley—with the rich living of Lambeth. Its present value is commuted at £820. The registers of the parish, full of interest had we space to dwell on them, date from 1562. The Rectory (Rev. Edward Archibald Parry, M.A.) is a roomy old-world house beautifully situated on the sunny slope to the north of the Church. Among its many features of antiquarian interest is a little pointed recess, in what is now a wood cellar, where once was kept, conveniently near the open fireplace of old, the household

tinder-box. Two or three more of these relics of flint-and-steel days are still to be seen in houses in the village.

Returning again to the main road, we leave the pleasant hamlet, its tree-shaded cottages, its rural inns, and its mill-pond, opposite which once lived the good Bishop Porteus.

About a mile further on the road is diverted left and right by the grounds of Chipstead Place (R. Gordon, Esq.) We keep to the right and continue through the pretty village of BESSELS GREEN, where once lived Dr. John Epps, the well-known homœopathist. Just beyond its little graveyard our road begins to skirt the estate surrounding Montreal, the seat of Earl Amherst. The mansion was built by the Sir Jeffery Amherst who, in 1776, was created Lord Amherst, Baron of Holmesdale. He and his brothers fought through the six years' campaign in which General Wolfe played such a brilliant part. An obelisk in the grounds commemorates the meeting of the brothers on their return from the Far West; and the name of the mansion recalls the crowning achievement of the campaign, chronicled with grim precision on the monument in the words "Montreal surrendered, and with it all Canada, and the French battalions laid down their arms, 8th September, 1760." The park and gardens are open to the public during the summer months from 3 to 6 p.m.



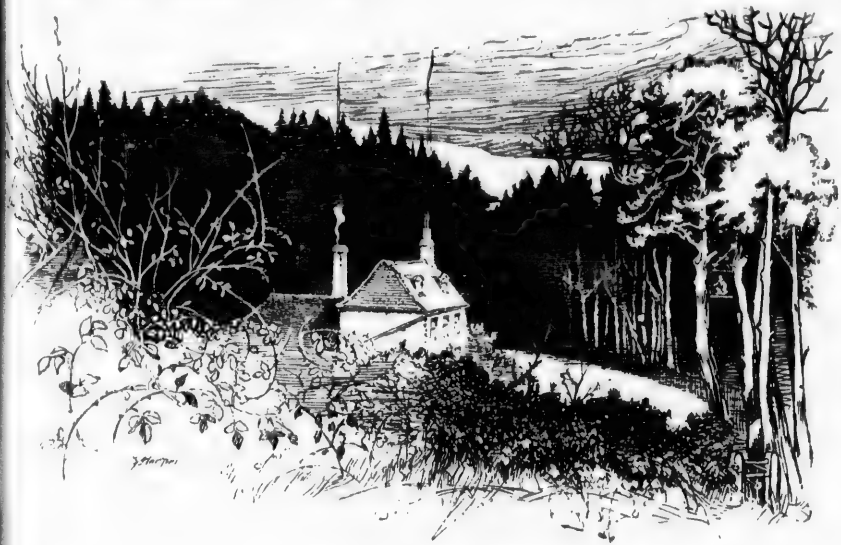
SUNDRIDGE MILL.

At the end of the Montreal boundary our road turns left through RIVERHEAD, $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Westerham.

The road right leads to SEVENOAKS, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Westerham, and Tonbridge. (Sixpenny handbooks to each of these places can be obtained from either the Westerham or London publishers of this work.) Prominent in front of us is Riverhead Church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. It was built in 1831, in the pseudo-Gothic style prevalent at that date, from the designs of the late

Decimus Burton, but in 1883 £2,450 was spent on additions, which include a fine modern chancel by Sir Arthur Blomfield. Its Vicar—who in 1898 accepted the Canonry of Canterbury vacant through the death of Canon Elwyn, the Master of Charterhouse—is the father of the brilliant cavalry officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Burn-Murdoch; and he himself served, before taking orders, as a cavalry officer in India and the Crimea.

A little further on a sign-post directs us to the right, and we follow the road to the L.C. & D.R. station



THE INN AT CROWN POINT.

(5¾ miles from Westerham), on the outskirts of St. John's, a suburb of Sevenoaks.

Thence we progress on to SEAL (7 miles from Westerham), a picturesque village of great antiquity, with a deeply-interesting Church—Early-English, with a square Perpendicular tower (Rev. C. E. Few, M.A.). It has some brasses, the most noteworthy that to Sir William de Bryene (1395), once lord of the manor of Kemsing and Seal. It is just within the altar rails, and is said by Glynne to be among the earliest to be found, though still

in a perfect state of preservation. A curious memorial tablet is that for John Theobald (1577), who was contemporary with no less than 119 of his posterity! One of the owners of the manor was James Fiennes, who, on being raised to the peerage by Henry VI., took from here his title as the first Lord Say and Seale. His fate at the hands of Jack Cade's mob is referred to in Chapter V.

Adjoining Seal on the right are the beautiful grounds of "The Wildernesse." Formerly it was known as Stidulfe's Place, after its first-recorded owners, to whom the Bickerstaffes succeeded. There are several memorials to them in Seal Church. Afterwards the manor and seat were sold to John Pratt, who in 1718 was made a Lord Justice of the King's Bench; and whose son, Sir Charles, celebrated for his acquittal of John Wilkes, was created Earl Camden and Viscount Bayham. The Wildernesse was purchased from the Camden family by the late Lord Hillingdon (d. 1898), who is buried in Seal Church.

After crossing Seal Chart we reach Crown Point, indicated by an inn from whose sign swings the portrait of Sir Jeffrey Amherst. It, and the name of this lovely district, commemorates that general's greatest victory over the French in Canada, at another Crown Point whose sombre pine forests make it not unlike this Kentish "Sleepy Hollow."

Just beyond the inn a sign-post marks the road which branches off to the right, to "Ightham Mote" (T. C. Colyer-Ferguson, Esq.), about a mile away, one of the most complete specimens remaining of the ancient moated "manor." It is, says Mr. J. H. Parker, "a unique gem, unequalled in the county, and perhaps England," and his encomium is certainly not exaggerated. The Mote is open to the public on Fridays from 11 to 1 and 2 to 6 (admission 6d.).

From the same sign-post a path diverges to the left of our Maidstone road through Batts Wood to Oldbury Hill, a spot of deep interest to antiquarians, for here have been found traces of the rock-shelters used by the earliest known man, to say nothing of evidences of occupation by such comparative moderns as the Britons and Romans. Here Mr. Benjamin Harrison has discovered those relics

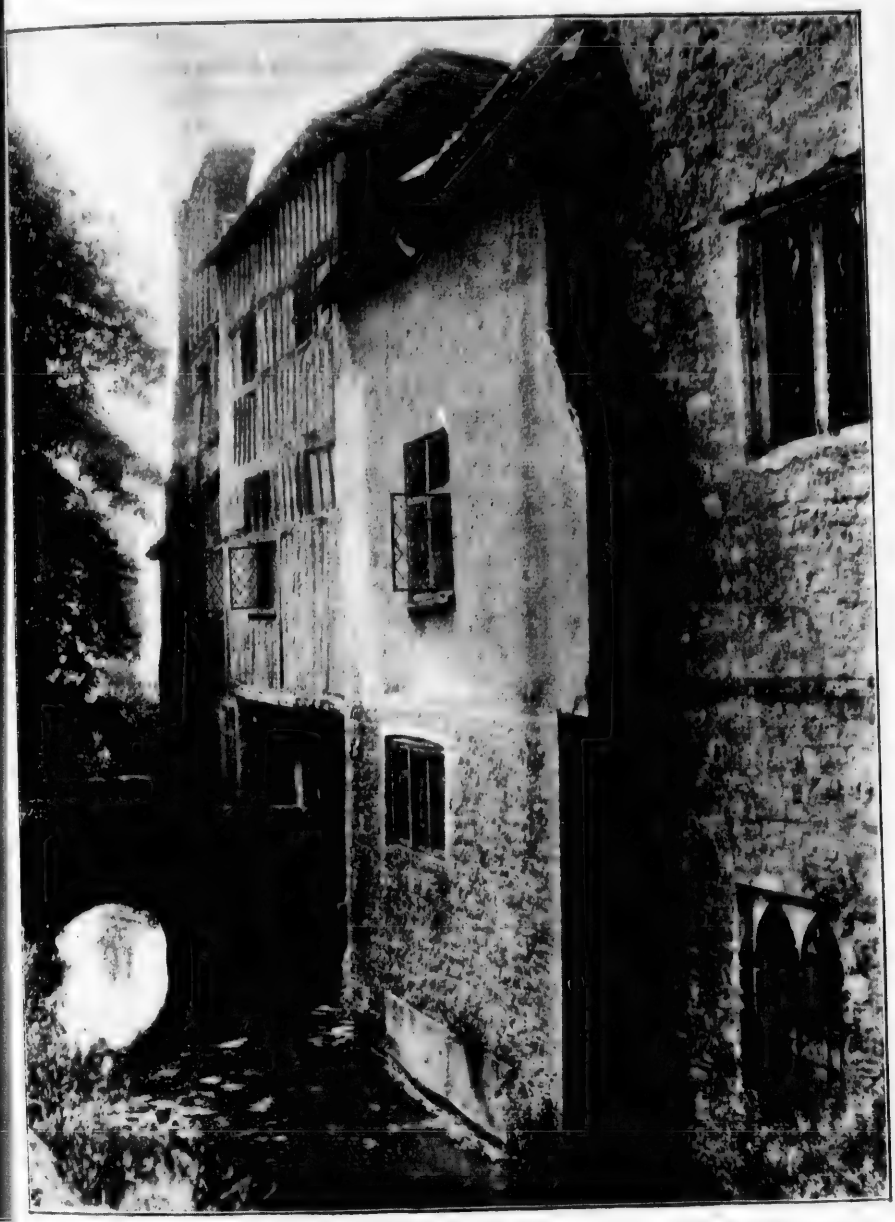


Photo by] ICHTHAM MOTE. [*T. A. Flemons.*

of prehistoric man which have made his collection of flint implements famous the world over. The footpath can be followed through Oldbury to Ightham, where it rejoins the main road.

At 10¼ miles from Westerham we reach IGHTHAM, well worthy a separate excursion. It is one of the oldest and most picturesque villages in Kent. Its Church is full of interesting memorials, notably an effigy of Sir Thomas Cawne, who died possessed of The Mote in 1374; and some rich monuments of the Selby family, later owners, including the curious one to Dame Dorothy Selby, who, it tells us in quaint fashion, foiled the Gunpowder Plot by deciphering the warning letter sent to Lord Monteagle.

At 11¼ miles from Westerham we reach BOROUGH GREEN, a small village on the Sevenoaks, Maidstone and Ashford Branch of the L.C. & D.R. 1½ miles north of it is the village of Wrotham, with a Church which will amply repay a visit. One of its most noteworthy features is a handsome oak screen of the fourteenth century, and it has also some fine brasses. The Archbishops of Canterbury had a palace here until 1348, and adjoining the churchyard on the east there still remain a few relics of it.

After passing through OFFHAM—which has, on its village green, the only quintain (a *fac-simile* of its ancient predecessor) extant in England—we reach, at 21 miles from Westerham, MAIDSTONE, but for particulars of the attractions of Kent's capital and its surrounding country we must refer readers to yet another sixpenny handbook issued by the publishers previously referred to.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GODSTONE ROAD.

AN EXCURSION INTO SURREY.

Where the summer floweret bloweth,
Where the silver streamlet floweth,
Where the meadow-lark upspringeth,
Where the nightingale outsingeth.—

OSBURN BLACKBURN.

OUR road to Godstone runs out of the western end of the village. We leave on our left the ponds at the foot of the rising ground of Squerryes Court, and on our right Major Board's house and the road which skirts the side of its grounds and would take us to Farley Common. A little further along and on the right is noticed a road leading to a farm and some brick and tile works behind it. The farm is "Covers," mentioned in a Court Roll of 1566. The present house is an ancient one, for there is a representation of it in an old map of 1566. Inside, however, it is not particularly interesting, though it has some venerable oak beams and the old, roomy fireplaces and bread oven. The veteran trees, perched on a natural rampart, which form the boundary of its field, are known as the "Surrey Beeches," and they mark the dividing line here between Kent and Surrey.

On our left, at the sixth milestone from Godstone, a road runs between the willows, through the common and little cluster of houses that make up Moorhousebank, to Limpsfield Chart. Then, on the right, the picturesque "Grasshopper Inn," its sign fading away like the memory of the Greshams it still serves to recall. The scent of firs is heavy in the air as we pass between the copses known as "The Birches" (on the left) and "Thrift Wood" (on the right); and, skirting the latter, we notice a white-gated road that leads to Broomlands Farm and the famous Titsey Wood, a cover celebrated in fox-hunting annals.

At five miles from Godstone away to our left peeps up the spire of the huge buildings of the Church Missional Home; and soon we are on gorse-covered Limpsfield Common, with its golf club-house and links and its extensive views over the Surrey Weald. At the end of the Common there is a road to the left to Edenbridge, but we follow the steep descent by a charmingly-wooded way to the "Plumbers' Arms" inn, where roads branch left to Crowhurst and East Grinstead, and right to Limpsfield, Titsey, Warlingham and Croydon.



ON LIMPSFIELD COMMON.

We turn, of course, to the right, and at the Post Office (a baker's shop), a little way along on the left, obtain the keys of LIMPSFIELD CHURCH, which well deserves a visit. The last house on the right, a large white mansion with ivy-topped wall and red-tiled roof, its grounds divided from the churchyard by a narrow pathway, is the Manor House, where once lived the widow of Philip Stanhope, who published the famous "Letters" which Lord Chesterfield addressed to his natural son, her husband. The path referred to divides at the angle of the churchyard boundary, going left to Titsey, and right to "Hookwood."

The Church, dedicated to St. Peter, was restored in 1872. It is mainly Early-English, with Perpendicular additions, and has, like Westerham Church, a shingled spire over its Trans-Norman tower. We notice within it memorials to Dame Martha Gresham (d. 1711-12); a brass for George Elyott (1644), Groom of the Chamber

to Queen Henrietta Maria; monuments to the Biscoe and Strong families; and an altar tomb with a recumbent effigy of John, thirteenth Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Madras and Bombay, in his peer's robes. There is also some excellent modern glass in the Church.



HOOKWOOD.

Outside, against the west wall of the nave, is a monument to Lord Elphinstone's uncle, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, also Governor of Bombay, who occupied "Hookwood" until his death in 1859; and there are also several railed-in burial places for the Biscoes, and one to the Rev. Robert Mayne, who died in 1841, after having been Rector for thirty-four years. The honoured name of "Wolfe" will also be noticed on a headstone.



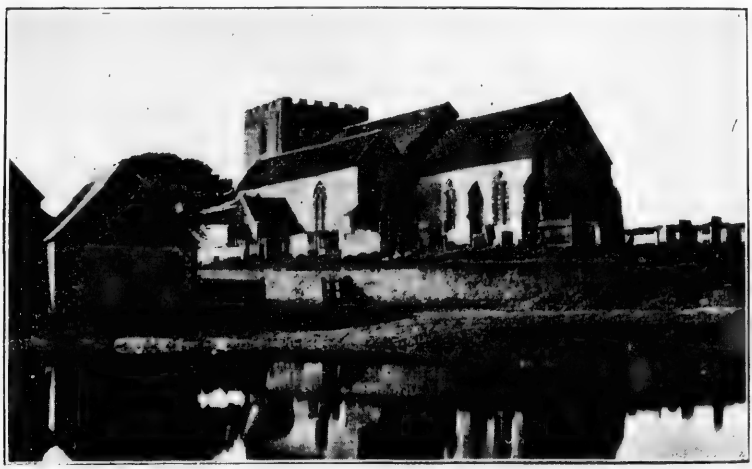
LIMPSFIELD CHURCH.

To return we can take a road (to the right) which passes some quaint old cottages just past the Manor House, and rejoin our route just by the fourth milestone from Godstone.

The next divergence to the right leads us through New Oxted, just before the railway crosses the turnpike road by a fine viaduct. We pass through an agglomeration of painfully-modern houses

dominated by an unpicturesque gasometer; and at the approach to the station (L.B. and S.C.R.) bear to the right, pass under a railway bridge, and the embattled square tower of OXTED CHURCH is seen in front of us, just beyond the signpost indicating the way to Woldingham and Warlingham.

Many restorations have left the Church an interesting study for ecclesiologists. It is mainly in the Decorated style, but has traces of Early-English work. Quite recently the remains of a fresco round the chancel arch have been brought to light; the rood steps, behind a



OXTED CHURCH.

pillar at the end of the south aisle, are still preserved; and in it there can still be seen on the south wall an indication of the gallery which formerly existed. A quaint gallery at the west end, reached by the narrowest of stairways, still remains, with records of benefactions on its oak panels. Some of the oldest stained glass in England has been worked into the upper east window. An external flight of steps leading to what is now the choir room will be noticed as unusual. They are not, and apparently never have been, protected by any sort of rail. In the vestry there is an ancient iron box, somewhat similar to the "treasure chests" to be seen in Knole

House (Chapter X.), with a very curious lock, which entirely covers the lid and has thirteen bolts.

There are here many memorials of the Hoskins family, for long lords of the manor. On a large blue gravestone in the chancel is an inscription for Ann (d. 1651), wife of Charles Hoskins, quaintly worded "Let this patterne of piety, mapp of misery, mirrovr of patience here rest." A brass plate, with the figures of two youths, within the altar rails, sets forth that "Here lyeth enterred the body of Thomas Hoskins, Gent, second sonne of Sir Thomas Hoskins, Knight, who deceased ye 10th day of Aprill Ao D'ni 1611, at ye age of five yeares, who aboute a quarter of an houre before his departure did of himself, without any instruction, speak thos wordes 'and leade us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evill,' beinge ye last words he spake." The companion of this youth is another brother, who "deceased" also in 1611, "being halfe a year of age."

On the north wall is a monument in much-faded colours representing the figures, under an arch, of a man in a gown and his wife praying before a faldstool. Beneath are their ten sons and seven daughters in similar posture. It is for John Aldersey, haberdasher and merchant venturer of London (d. 1616), his wife Anna and seventeen children. Over the pulpit is a modern brass to Thomas Thorpe (1827), for thirty-five years rector, "a lineal descendant of Sir John Lowther, 1st baronet, of Lowther Castle, Cumberland."

In the churchyard there are two or three somewhat unconventional epitaphs. One is to the effect that

> A lingering sickness gave the fatal blow,
> The stroke was mortal, but the effect came slow.

In another case surgical science would seem to have hastened the end, for a long wooden "rail" bears reproachful witness that the victim below it "was cut and slayed like a lamb that was led to the slaughter"! A third, a not uncommon one, is for a husband—

> Farewell my wife and children dear,
> I am not dead, but sleeping here,
> My end you know, my grave you see,
> Prepare yourselves to follow me.

Under a similar sentiment in Woolwich Churchyard there was added by the deceased's widow and executrix—

> To follow you I'm not content,
> Unless I know which way you went.

As a last reference to the stones here it may be added that there is one to a "Benjamin Hoadley," a farmer, of Sundridge and Oxted.

The sun-dial referred to in a previous chapter was re-erected in 1815 and stands against the wall of the fine old porch.

A footpath which runs from the gate at the south-west corner of the churchyard will take us back to the main road, along which we journey through the long, narrow, up-hill street which constitutes the village of Oxted. Just by the "Bell Inn" is the third milestone from Godstone. After leaving the last of the houses a steep hill rises in front of us, the road up it high-banked and tree-shaded. Just at the top there will be seen, on the left, two field gates, separated by the end of a hedge. The first, usually open, is at the commencement of a well-defined cart track which leads past a keeper's lodge and through two black iron swing-gates to "Tandridge Court" (Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart.).

TANDRIDGE CHURCH, adjoining the park in which the mansion stands, is so beautifully situated that it is certainly worth the detour a visit to it necessitates. Its churchyard, hidden away among surrounding trees, has a magnificent yew, which must be of imposing age. Here also are the already-weathered monument to the wife (d. 1872) of Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., and the grave of Lord Chancellor Cottenham (d. 1851). The Church itself is an ancient stone building in the Decorated style, with a north aisle designed by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1874. The large west window of the Church is to the Lord Chancellor's memory.

Two roads meet just by the churchyard. We take the one bearing to the left, which strikes the high road again opposite the grounds of "Rook's Nest," where Sir Gilbert Scott once lived, and a quarter of a mile further on we reach Tyler's Green, where we turn to the left and con-

tinue on to GODSTONE GREEN (7 miles from Westerham), and its horse-chestnut trees. It is a pleasant spot, and the "Clayton Arms," on its east side, is a good country inn. The road to the right as you face the inn leads to Godstone Station (S.E.R.), 2½ miles away. A lane leads from the inn, past a large pond, to the Church, about half a mile away, restored and enlarged by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1871. In a north chapel is the fine 17th century monument with effigies of Sir John Evelyn and his wife. The graveyard affords a charming peep south, with Tilburstow Hill as its chief feature. Adjoining the south side of the Church is a picturesque group of almshouses, also by Sir Gilbert, the chapel of which is worth seeing.



GODSTONE CHURCH.

Further along the main road we see on our right front the so-called "castle" on Winder's Hill, at the south end of Marden Park, and then we arrive at old-world BLETCHINGLEY (8¾ miles from Westerham). It is a large, old-fashioned village with a wide street. Down to 1832 it was a Parliamentary borough, when one of its members was Lord Palmerston. The Church is large, and has a massive tower, the lower part of which is Norman. There was formerly a spire, but this was destroyed by lightning in 1606. Over the porch is a parvise. The main body of the building is Perpendicular, the chancel Early-English, and a north aisle was added in 1864. In the south chancel is the remarkable monument of Sir Robert Clayton (d. 1707) and his wife. Sir Robert was Lord Mayor of

London in 1679, and is represented in his robes. The monument was erected by himself, but the laudatory inscription may be assigned to his nephew and heir, Sir Walter, the first baronet. Sir Robert, "as good a saint as usurer ever made," headed the deputation that welcomed William of Orange to the City, and the motto, *non vultus instantis tyranni*, at his feet sufficiently indicates his opinion of James. He rebuilt the south front of Christ's Hospital—the "Blue-coat School"—in 1680–2. The present Sir W. R. Clayton, Bt., of Marden Park, is descended from the above-named Sir Walter.

Three-quarters of a mile farther on the road, here 514 feet above sea-level, commands a fine view, which extends from the Weald of Kent on the east to the forest ridge on the south-east (the steeple of East Grinstead Church is seen just below the skyline). To the south, over forty miles away, are the South Downs, and nearly west is Leith Hill, with Horsham (thirty miles off) just visible to the left of it.

Half a mile from our view-point we enter NUTFIELD (10 miles from Westerham), a favourite residential neighbourhood. But to the Westerham visitor its main attraction will probably be its Church, which is reached by the road opposite the "Crown Hotel." The nave and chancel are Early Decorated, the north aisle and tower Perpendicular. The most noteworthy things are the epitaph on Thomas Steer, 1769—on the outside of the south wall, near the porch—and the curious brass to William Grafton, about 1465. He was formerly a priest of the Church, but is habited as a layman, wears no tonsure, and has a woman by his side.

Passing out of Nutfield by the elms of the old parish pound, we get pretty peeps to the south, and to the north the Harrow tower on White Hill is conspicuous. Then, on our right, we see St. Anne's Asylum, a red-brick building. Hence we descend to REDHILL, fine views being still a feature of the excursion.

Here our space runs out, but as we are already twelve miles from Westerham by the main road, without counting the several additional miles that must be added for the divergences to places of interest off the actual highway, it

may perhaps be deemed sufficient. For the cyclist to whom distance is no object it need only be said that there is still plenty of road left, and he may follow it, an he will, to Reigate, 14, Buckland, 15¼, Betchworth, 16¼, Dorking, 19¼, Westcott Street, 20¾, Wotton Hatch, 22, Abinger Hammer, 24¼, Gomshall, 25, Shere, 25¾, Newland's Corner, 27¾, Merrow, 29¼, and Guildford, 31¼ miles from Westerham.



Photo by] ON THE MEDWAY: BY TONBRIDGE. *[T. A. Flemons.*

Chapter X.

RAMBLES AND RIDES.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven.—Keats.

The following suggested peregrinations for the pedestrian, trips for the tyred, and carriage drives for the more luxurious, by no means exhaust the attractions of the district round about Westerham. Were they all accomplished, they would still leave unexplored many a breezy by-path on the heights to north and south, many a secluded valley and old-world Kentish or Surrey hamlet, many a snug retreat where one can rest

forgotten in a forest glade
And hidden from the eyes of all.

Still, they cover many a mile of exquisite country, studded with Early-English churches and historic homes, and rich in appeal to the botanist and the geologist. Even that least enthusiastic "ist"—the mere excursionist—could not fail to find them full of interest. There is enjoyment for more than a single day's excursion in nearly every one of these briefly-indicated rambles.

1. FARLEY COMMON AND THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

For a short ramble of a little less than two miles we make for the Long Pond—a shallow lakelet which pro-

vides capital skating in winter, and harbours pike, eels and other coarse fish—and take the road (on the right) which flanks Major Board's house. It leads us to a breezy bit of open country, bright with gorse and heather. This is FARLEY COMMON, a spot beloved of the peripatetic gipsy.

> The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
> With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deformed,
> And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
> And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
> Yields no unpleasant ramble.

The conspicuous house to the right is the residence of the Vicar, and between it and the neighbouring cottagers' allotments is the site of the OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, of which the famous Bishop Hoadley's father was once the master. As noted in Chapter II., it was here, probably, that both the Bishop and his brother, who became Archbishop of Dublin, were born. A prior master was the Rev. William Holland, who was appointed minister of Westerham by Cromwell, and who educated Thomas Comber, afterwards Dean of Durham; and later ones were Mr. Ireland and Mr. Thomas Manningham, afterwards Bishop of Chichester. When Wolfe and his brother went "unwillingly to school" their pedagogue was a Mr. Lawrence. At Squerryes Court there is an old map, drawn by Arthur Hews and dated 1686, which shows the famous old school-house as a red-brick building with a projecting gabled centre. It stood in its own grounds of two acres, with a pond in front of it. It was pulled down before 1740, but its foundations have been happened upon in more recent times. Its old bell still exists, and is in the possession of Mr. E. Martin, of Sevenoaks.

We follow the way across the Common, and out by the diminutive gasworks which supply Westerham, into Rysted Lane—which is known to have existed, under its older name of Ryestreet Lane, at least as far back as 1548. We turn along it to the right, and at the bridge over a little stream cross the stile to the left and follow the path through the Paddock. It brings us out near the Railway Station.

2. CHARMANS, VALENCE, AND DUNSDALE.

A pleasant stroll of but little over two miles is one which may be started by passing through the gate at the bottom of the churchyard which opens on to a meadow. Take the footway which slants to the left, to the corner of a hedge, and continue on to the next field-gate. Here turn to the right and follow the obvious pathway through the fields right ahead, when soon one gets a glimpse of



VALENCE.

Brasted Church. The narrow intersecting lane would lead to CHARMANS, a farm so named after an early possessor, whose name appears in records as early as 1320. It originally went with the Manor of Westerham, but was sold by Edward Gresham to Edward Whitaker in 1186.

We cross the lane, climb a stile opposite to us, and follow the path which leads over the bright little Darenth, until presently we reach the tree-shaded high road from Westerham to Brasted. For home we turn along it to the right, having on the left the extensive grounds of "VALENCE," the beautifully-situated seat of Norman

Watney, Esq., J.P., an extensive mansion of red brick with stone dressings erected from the designs of F. J. Robinson.

"Valons," as this estate was originally called, took its name from the old family of De Valoniis or Valoines, one of whom possessed the manor of Titsey in the time of the Domesday Survey. It passed from the Valoines family to that of Casingherst; and from them it was bought, in Henry VII.'s reign, by Islip, Abbot of Westminster, who gave it to his servant William Middleton, whose brass is in Westerham Church. About the end of Queen



DUNSDALE.

Elizabeth's reign it was purchased by James Verseline, a Fleming, who gave it, with his daughter, to Peter Manning, one of the ancient family of the Mannings of Downe, from whom was descended the late Cardinal Manning. Ralph Manning sold it to the McGuires in 1768; and in 1772 it was bought by the Earl of Hillsborough, whose family name was Hill, and who altered the name to Hill Park. Subsequent owners were the Jessons, the Baillies, and the late Hector, third Earl of Norbury, an Irish peer (died 1873), who during his

possession happily revived the ancient name of the estate. His father, a judge in Ireland, was noted for his eccentricities and for his untimely end. He was murdered. His punning epitaph, said to have been written by himself, is—

> He's dead! Alas, facetious punster,
> Whose jokes make learned wigs with fun stir,
> From Heaven's high court a tipstaff's sent
> To call him to his punishment.
> Stand to your ropes! ye sextons, ring!
> Let all your clappers ding, dong, ding!
> Nor bury him without his due,
> He was himself a *Toler* too!



Photo by] CHIDDINGSTONE VILLAGE. [*T. A. Flemons.*

The last line is a reference to the fact that the learned judge's family name was Toler. The third Earl, who died at Valence, was apparently as eccentric. It was his custom to wander about the grounds in the dead of night; and another of his whims was to take his matu-

tinal bath in the open air on the verandah outside his dressing-room at Valence.

To Earl Norbury succeeded a wealthy Cottonopolis merchant, named Young, whose son was drowned in one of the ponds in the grounds, and who was the last occupant of the old mansion of Valence, of which nothing remains but the portions now used as stables, laundry and other out-buildings. Its present owner built an entirely new residence on a higher site.

Within the boundaries of the Valence grounds is Dunsdale (F. J. Johnson, Esq.). There exist curious records of the wholesale destruction of vermin, hedgehogs and polecats in its woods. Even foxes did not



Photo by] PENSHURST PLACE. [*T. A. Flemons.*

escape. In 1666, it is noted that there was paid for the heads of two foxes caught in Dunsdale (then Dundell) Wood 2*s.*; and in 1691 to Sir William Hoskin's huntsman 1*s.* for two badgers' heads, and to a Squerryes keeper the same amount for a fox's head. There was evidently no West Kent Hunt in those barbaric days.

3. HEVER, CHIDDINGSTONE, AND PENSHURST.

Charming excursions are suggested by the following few lines, but they must cover at least two days if Hever Castle and Penshurst Place be both explored. The whole distance is about twenty miles.

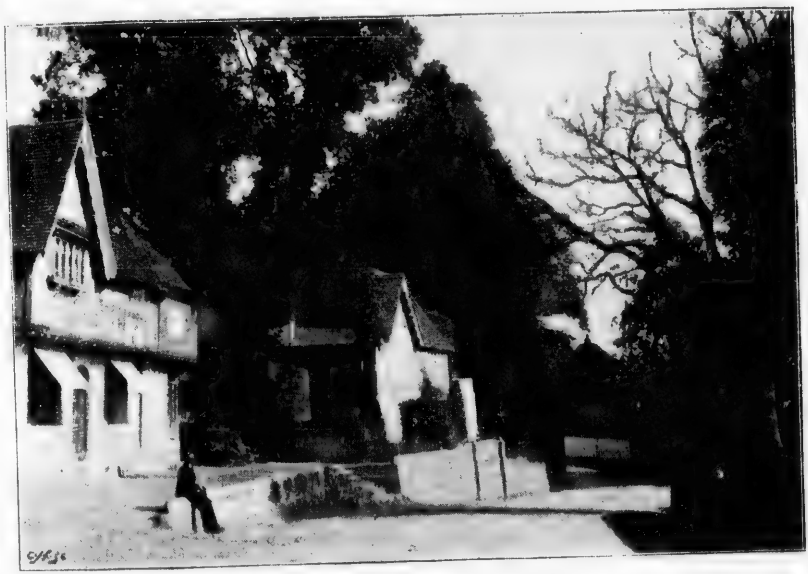
Take the Edenbridge Road as far as the foot of Horns Hill (as in Chapter VII.), where a sign-post indicates an easily-followed way to HEVER. In its quaint church are some interesting brasses, notably one for Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Henry VIII.'s ill-fated wife. Hever Castle, however, is the main attraction of this delightful district, for here the fair Anne lived, and here she was courted by the fickle monarch. In the moated castle are the unfortunate queen's apartments, and the room in which died Anne of Cleves; and these and other interesting features of the place are open to the public without charge on Wednesdays, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

A mile and a-half east of Hever is CHIDDINGSTONE, with the so-called "chiding-stone" from which it is said to take its name. The church contains monuments to the Streatfeilds, whose family have been settled in the neighbourhood since the reign of Henry VIII. The red tiles, quaint gables and massive timbers of the handful of houses which form the village complete as perfect a rural picture as one could wish to see, and it is easy to understand that they, and their setting, have probably furnished more "bits" for artists than any other district in Kent.

From Chiddingstone it is a pleasant walk of two miles through the woods to PENSHURST PLACE, the historic home of the Sidneys, which is open to visitors on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. (admission, 1s.). Here you can see the Hall, perhaps the most ancient (1341) of its size remaining in the kingdom, with its Minstrels' Gallery; and many another chamber rich in historic associations and still stored with antique objects of the highest interest. Here are pictures by Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Gainsborough and other masters, with rich stores of Elizabethan furniture,

fifteenth century tapestry, old armour, precious china, and many a relic of the Sidneys.

Tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the groves of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal love.



PENSHURST VILLAGE.

If the whole of the "Arcadia" were not actually written here, it may well be conceived that many of its descriptions were suggested by the surrounding country, which still displays the "accompaniable solitarinesse" so greatly loved by the hero of Zutphen. The scenery of the Park is alone worth a long day's march to see, even if it had no added interest through the songs of the poets who have loved and immortalised it.

Penshurst Church, which was restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, has a mortuary chapel for the Sidneys and many memorials which recall the past owners of Penshurst Place. Here lies the latest Philip Sidney, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, who was solemnly interred with his ancestors in February, 1898, leaving his son Philip to keep untarnished the name of Elizabeth's peerless knight and to preserve the historic estates he inherits.

The return to Westerham can be made by a road which goes north between Penshurst Park and Redleaf House to Penshurst Station (S.E.R.), two miles from the village, then turns to the left to Four Elms, whence the road home is described in Ramble 7.

4. SEVENOAKS, KNOLE, TONBRIDGE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

For these excursions, which open up a mine of interest that could only be exhaustively exploited in several days' journeys, the road should be followed to Riverhead Church, as in Chapter VIII. Here we turn to the right and follow the main road to the S.E.R. company's station at Sevenoaks, whence a steep ascent leads us along the High Street to SEVENOAKS CHURCH. Within it are monuments to the Amherst family; and, among many others, one—which was brought from the church at Greenwich where Wolfe was buried—for William Lambarde (d. 1601), "the father of county historians."

Just opposite the church is a fine avenue which leads into KNOLE PARK, within which there are beautiful walks galore, always open to the public. "The park is sweet," wrote Walpole; and since his day it has lost none of its sweetness and little of its seclusion. Its red and fallow deer peer out from behind magnificent oaks, beeches and chestnuts; and from a raised platform by its southern boundary there is a glorious view, which will linger long in the memory, of the far-stretching Weald of Kent.

As for KNOLE HOUSE (Lord Sackville) it may be doubted whether there is in England another baronial mansion of such absorbing interest. From the days of its first recorded occupancy by the Earl of Pembroke, in

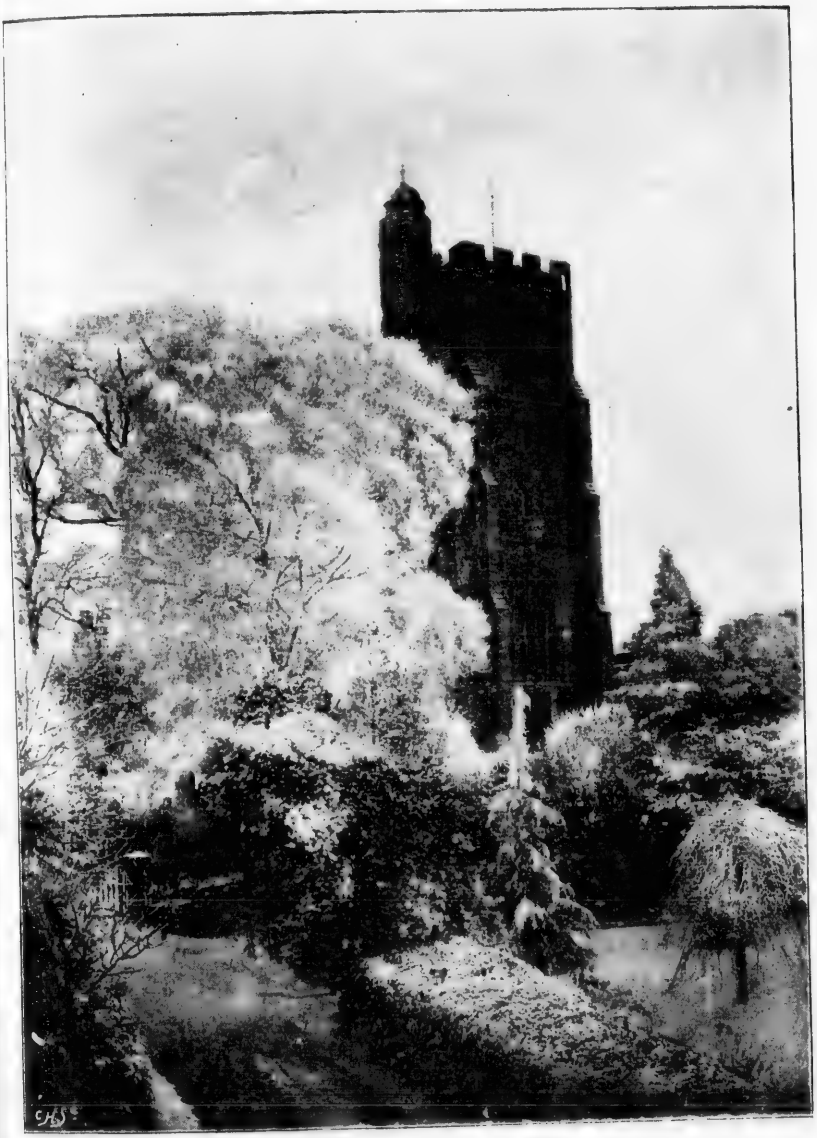


Photo by] SEVENOAKS CHURCH IN WINTER. [*C. Essenhigh Corke*

the reign of King John, most of its possessors have borne a share in the making of history. Lord Say and Seale, the victim of Jack Cade (see Chapter V.) was one of them. An Archbishop of Canterbury—Thomas Bourchier (d. 1486)—built the greater part of the present house, though there are portions of it of still earlier date. The martyred Cranmer lived here for seven years. Queen Elizabeth gave it to her cousin, Thomas Sackville, whose grandmother was a Boleyn, and who was made Earl of Dorset by James I., and in the Sackville family the ownership is now vested.

Of the 365 rooms in the house some seventeen are open to the public, but these alone contain treasures of art and antiquity which it would be the work of days to inspect with anything like exhaustive attention. Here will be seen the old Banqueting Hall, with its minstrels' gallery behind an oak screen; the Ballroom, with a complete collection of portraits of the owners of Knole since the time of Elizabeth; the Reynolds Room, with pictures by Sir Joshua (who painted some of them while he was living here), Gainsborough and Hoppner; the King's Bedroom, containing the furniture bought at prodigious cost for James I.'s reception; the Brown Gallery, with its long row of portraits of sixteenth-century celebrities; and many another museum rich in architectural adornment and stored with artistically-wrought silver, precious china, old-time furniture, ancient tapestry, or rare and quaint curios. Fuller details must be sought in a little handbook on "Sevenoaks," to be obtained from the publishers of this Westerham Guide; but it should be added that Knole House can be visited on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, from 2 till 5; on Fridays and Bank Holidays from 10 till 5. For a single visitor 2s. is charged; for parties of four, 6s.; for seven, 10s. The Park is always open to the public. Its distance from Westerham is about 8 miles.

The main road continues from the Church until at a mile further, at Park Place, we reach a height of 666 feet above sea level. From here it is a downward run by precipitous River Hill right through the village of Hildenborough into TONBRIDGE (5¼ miles from Sevenoaks

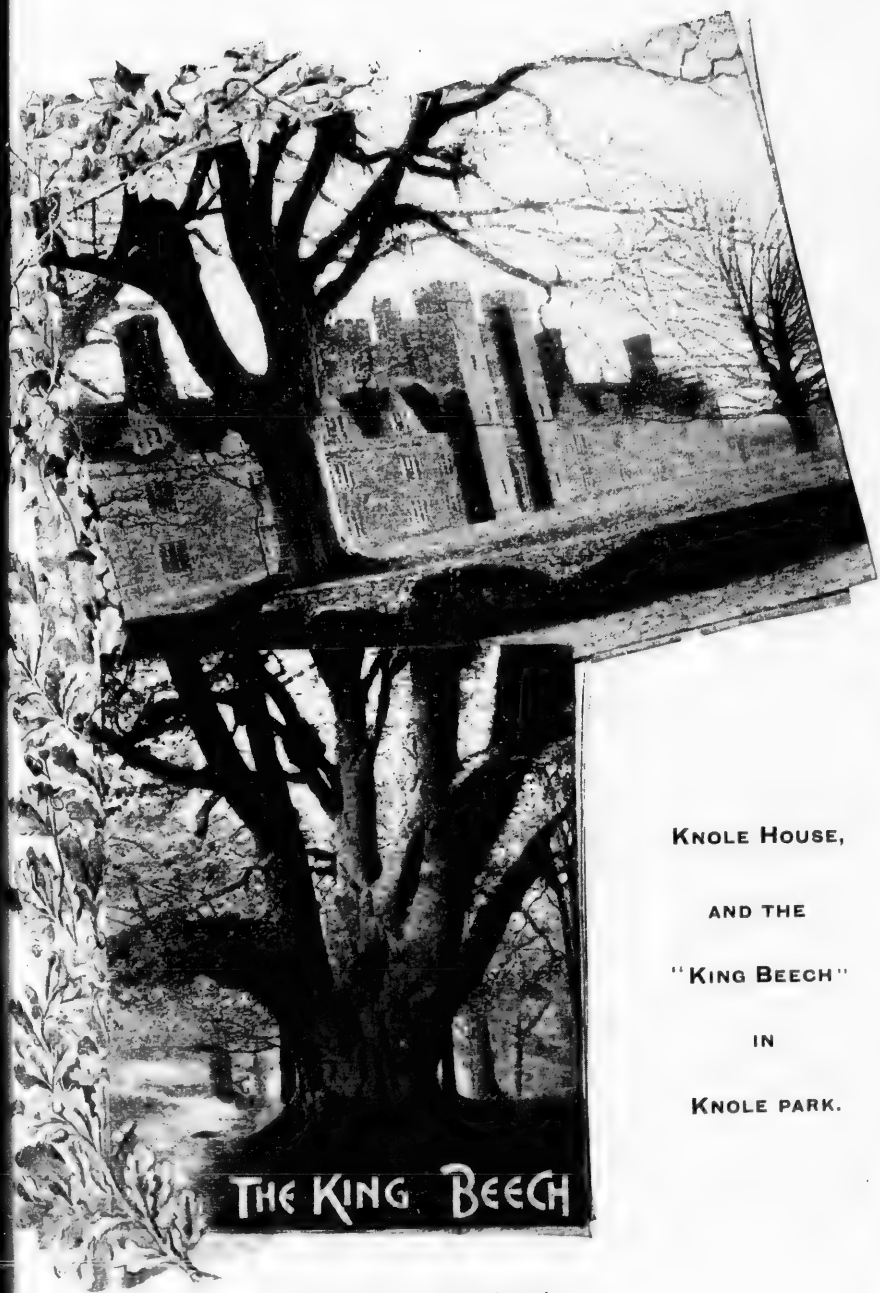


Photo by C. Essenhigh Corke.

KNOLE HOUSE,

AND THE

"KING BEECH"

IN

KNOLE PARK.

Church), with the remains of its famous Castle, its celebrated school, its quaint houses, and the boating and fishing of the Medway, on which it stands. Straight through the town we can follow the highway up Quarry Hill, through picturesque Southborough and into TUNBRIDGE WELLS (7 miles from Tonbridge). The return journey could be made by train to Sevenoaks Station (S.E.R.), and road thence through Riverhead. For both Tonbridge and the Wells, and their attractive surroundings, guides similar to this can be obtained from the publishers of "Wolfe-Land."

5. SQUERRYES LODGE AND SQUERRYES PARK.

For a charming walk of about five miles through diversified and beautiful country, we start by way of the Water Lane referred to in Chapter III., cross the narrow stream of the Darenth, and, having passed through a swing-gate, turn to the right and follow the path, which affords a pretty view of a red-tiled white house and its gardens on the right, with a foreground of ornamental water, and about it a reposeful air as if

> Whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
> Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

This is SQUERRYES LODGE, the residence of three sisters of Col. Warde; probably, if its history were written, one of the most archæologically-interesting mansions in the district. Within it there still exist portions of the older structure, which was most likely used as a monastic building when, in the twelfth century, the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, held a grant of the church. Massive walls over three feet thick, heavy timbers and Norman and Trans-Norman arches—walled up or concealed in cupboards—would seem to point to at least as early a date. Over the storeroom there is a mysterious chapel-like hall, some fifteen yards long and six yards wide, hidden away under the slopes of the roof, its flooring mouldered away by time. The old-fashioned entrance hall has a richly-carved overmantel, into which is let an antique painting



Photo by] TUNBRIDGE WELLS: ON THE COMMON. [*Percy Lankester.*

by an unknown master of the Dutch school; and its walls are covered by oak panelling, dark with the rich tones of age, but only brought unexpectedly to light in 1889. Shading the approach to the house still linger the veterans of a forest which may have witnessed the building of the Lodge; one grand old chestnut tree has, surely, lived on since Anderida Wood sheltered the wolf and the wild boar.

In addition to the little lake in front of it, Squerryes Lodge has in its old-time garden part of what was probably of yore a moat that encircled the house. Wall-fruits climb up the tall boundaries of this sunny pleasaunce, prim yew hedges divide it in the formal fashion of bygone days, and beyond its greenswards the uplands of Squerryes Court carry the eye to that stately mansion and the squirrels' haunts about it, with

> Nought around but images of rest,
> Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between.

Continuing our walk, we cross the bridge that spans the tiny stream flowing curiously from beneath a tree, the roots of which form a natural arch; turn to the left on reaching the road; and pass the old mill, its water-wheel now ingeniously adapted to work the pump that keeps the reservoir of the waterworks supplied. Westerham, says the Domesday Book, has "a mill worth five shillings"; how the aristocrat of the Conqueror's time would weep to see the last of its descendants at an alien task!

Straight on through the white gate into SQUERRYES PARK we pass, and, turning neither to the right nor the left, follow the footpath that leads straight over the hill. At the top turn and take breath, and enjoy the lovely view over the village to Westerham and Hartley woods and the Downs beyond. The steep road down Westerham Hill is seen to the right of a large chalk-pit; Tatsfield and Titsey can both be picked out on the left. The well-wooded hill to our immediate right is Spring Shaws, where the Darenth rises.

Continuing, we pass on our right the Cricket Ground, on occasions the scene of a private contest in which well-known county cricketers take part, and kindly



[C. Essenhigh Corke.

THE OLD MILL.

Photo by]

lent by Col. Warde to the local cricket club for matches and practice. Our path goes straight on from the corner of the enclosure, and now winds beneath noble beeches and scrambling brambles—an El Dorado for the autumn berry hunter.

We now get delightful woodland scenery. Deep valleys come into sight on the left as we continue, with masses of the handsome rhododendron ablaze, at times, with colour. Firs and pines vary the character of the foliage, and everywhere the bracken forms a cover for the rabbits. We pass on through the white swing-gate, following the left path until we shortly reach the road, and on walking a little to the left there is a magnificent, and apparently limitless, view over the Weald of Kent. Crockham Hill Church and village lie to our left hand.

Retracing our steps after this little divergence, we continue along the road to the sign-post, which directs us back to Westerham.

6. CHIPSTEAD, OTFORD, SHOREHAM, LULLINGSTONE, EYNSFORD.

We have seen the gentle Darenth rise under the oaks of Squerryes Court, and in this ramble we can trace its wanderings along the "Valley of Castles." We follow the Maidstone road, as in Chapter VIII., as far as the point where an offshoot turns from it to the left and skirts CHIPSTEAD PLACE, where there are some valuable paintings by Claude, Both, Cuyp, Murillo, Reynolds, Pordenone, Giorgione and Gainsborough, and a library of choice books. The pinetum and gardens contain specimens of many rare pines; and in the conservatory is a *rhododendron arboreum*, forty years old, which has been known to bear 1,000 clusters of flowers. Of a great elm in the park Strutt says that "its appearance altogether savours enough of antiquity to bear out the tradition annexed to it, that in the time of Henry V. a fair was held annually under its branches, the high road from Rye in Sussex to London passing close to it." If this tradition be authentic the veteran must have been a wide-spreading tree in the years 1413-22.

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[C. Essenhigh Corke.

SQUERRYES LODGE.

Photo by]

Having rambled through the clean little village of Chipstead, and passed the white front of Chipstead Place, we turn left to the outskirts of Riverhead and journey a short distance along the main road to a sign-post which points to Dunton Green Station. The station, however, we leave on our left, and keep on, almost parallel with the windings of the Darenth, to OTFORD, a quiet, quaint, dreamy village, old enough to look with scorn on the mushroom towns which could buy it up and put it in one of their factory yards. The Saxons knew it as Ottanford, and the Domesday Book includes it as Oteford. It was the battle-ground where Offa, King of Mercia, fought



WINNING A PLOUGHING MATCH AT OTFORD.

Aldric, King of Kent; and where Edmund Ironsides fought with the Danes. Its famous archiepiscopal palace, of which the ruins—known as Otford Castle—can still be seen close to the church, was once the home of the "holy, blisful martyr," St. Thomas à Becket; Edward I. was entertained there when Archbishop Winchelsey occupied it; and Archbishop Warham spent £30,000 in improving it, and on several occasions entertained Henry VIII. there.

Otford Church (Decorated and Perpendicular) was restored by Street in 1862, and among other memorials of interest it contains a noticeable one to Charles Polhill (d. 1755), of local celebrity as containing "seven different kinds of marble."

At SHOREHAM, 1½ miles further, the Darenth is half-a-mile in width. Shoreham Church is a venerable structure in the Perpendicular style, but it was restored in 1863. Among its contents will be noticed a monument and busts to Sir Abraham Shard and his wife (1746), and a remarkable rood-screen of wood, extending the whole breadth of the building, which sustains the platform formerly used for the acting of religious plays or mysteries. Here also are the banners used by the late Commander V. Lovett Cameron, the son of a former Vicar of Shoreham, in the famous Livingstone Search Expedition.

Still following the windings of the Darenth, we reach LULLINGSTONE, a cluster of houses on the outskirts of Sir William Hart Dyke's noble park. Adjacent to the mansion, Lullingstone Castle, is the Church, an Early-English building which is at least remarkable in one respect—that there is no pathway leading to its entrance. From the doorway one steps on to the greensward. But it is noteworthy also for its numerous sixteenth-century monuments, unusually rich and interesting, of the Peche and Hart families.

Then we reach EYNSFORD, busy with its paper mills. Its Church is an Early-English restoration of an old Norman building, and has a rich Norman west door. North of the village, near the river, stand the grey old ruins of a Norman castle. The pleasant little village, whose attractions for the angler are dealt with at length in Chapter XII., takes its name from a ford across the Darenth near the bridge.

One could follow the valley through Farningham, and many another charming spot, to Dartford, where the Darenth, untired by its thirty miles of meandering from Squerryes Court, energetically broadens out and boldly joins the Thames. But we are far enough afield, and must retrace our steps to Otford, where, just beyond the bridge over the Darenth, two roads meet. The one to the left is that by which we came, so we take the right-hand one, which can easily be followed to Chevening. Thence we continue through the Park, and the Pilgrims' Way carries us home, after a journey of some 28 miles.

7. CHARTWELL, MARINERS, BROXHAM, FOUR ELMS, BRASTED CHART.

For this ramble follow the Edenbridge Road, as in Chapter VII., to the bottom of Horns Hill, and at the sign-post turn left along the Four Elms Road, through orchard and hop garden, up the valley. Presently we skirt Crockham Hill (right), and on the left we reach



CHARTWELL.

CHARTWELL, "the spring of the road," formerly known as Well Street. The family of At Well were the original owners; and in the reign of Edward III. William Atwell was seated there. John atte Well is mentioned in Chapter II. as one of the seventy-four who supported Jack Cade. It was purchased by one of the Potter family in Henry VII.'s reign, and was held by them until the death of Thomas Potter in 1611, when it passed, by his only daughter and heiress Dorothy, to Sir John Rivers, Bart. Afterwards it passed through several hands, and became in recent times the residence of John Campbell Colquhoun,

"no less distinguished by the charm of his manner and conversation than by the excellence of his writings." It is now the property of the Rev. J. E. Campbell Colquhoun, M.A., who has also seats in Scotland.

The house has been greatly altered and enlarged, but still retains some of its ancient character. Its old-time gardens, with their terraces and sundial, their roses and azaleas, their fine araucauria and magnificent cedars, are of rare beauty, and they command a grand prospect. A *Cryptomeria Japonica* (Cedar of Japan) in the grounds is certainly one of the finest in this country.

A path opposite the entrance gates leads up the steep wooded slope of Crockham Hill, where there are seats from which one gets splendid peeps across the Weald. By bearing to the left at the top you can strike the cart track, referred to in Chapter VII., leading back to the Edenbridge road.



"MARINERS."

Continuing our journey, we see almost directly the white lodge of "MARINERS" (G. Osenton, Esq.), of which there are records as far back as the year 1600. It was then occupied by our acquaintance, Edmund Molyneux, and his family, who were constantly being arraigned as popish recusants.

Keeping to the road, we pass the modern house of S. H. Faudel Phillips, Esq., and further along there is a junction of roads, that to Four Elms going left. Instead of pursuing it, however, we get over a sort of stile opposite us, follow a footpath across two fields, and in the third are fronted by the barns of Broxham Farm.

BROXHAM, or Broxholme, a manor partly in Westerham and partly in Edenbridge, derives its name from "broc," a badger, and was anciently part of the possessions of the family of de Insula, or Isley, who were seated at Brook Place, in Sundridge (see Chapter VIII.). John de Isley had a grant of free warren in Edward II.'s reign. One

Stephen de Ashway obtained, in the time of Edward III., leave to enclose a park here, and traces of this were to be seen as late as the seventeenth century. Edward, Lord Clinton, held it at the time of his death in Henry IV.'s reign, and John, Lord Clinton, passed it away, in the time of Henry VI., to Thomas Squerie. It then followed the same change of ownership as Squerryes, until it was sold, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to Thomas Petley, of Vilston, with whose descendants it still remains. The old manor house is said to have stood just to the right of the present farmyard, on an area which is now nearly an island. Probably it was a moated building.

A well-defined path across the third of the fields referred to above takes us out past some cottages. At the second pair turn sharp to the left along the high road from Edenbridge, and presently prim little FOUR ELMS is reached. A sign-post by a pond indicates, among other roads, that to Chiddingstone and Hever, and a little way along this (past an inn, with a tablet "W.T.M. 1740," but in parts evidently of much older date) is the Church (Rev. A. Klamborowski), dedicated to St. Paul. It was consecrated in 1881, and perhaps its most notable feature is the remarkable amount of modern stained glass with which it has so soon been filled.

Returning to the pond, our way is then to the right, along the road to Toys Hill, and just outside the village we pass (on the right) the house of Sir Frederick Bramwell, the well-known engineer and famous "expert witness." The two heights of Ide Hill (with its church spire) and Hanging Bank are seen away to our right front, and we climb Toys Hill past the front of the "Tally Ho!" inn, until we reach, in the middle of BRASTED CHART, the "Fox and Hounds" inn, where we are 800 feet above sea level. There are views from this elevation over parts of Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire.

About 300 yards further on, a path to the left leads between iron railings, skirts a nursery garden, and brings us into view of a fine expanse of valley and hill. Our path can be seen winding up the opposite slope of the valley, and at the top of the ascent is a highway, which we follow to the right until it has crossed Hosey Common

and brought us out at the top of Hosey Hill, down which we return into Westerham. About ten miles will have been covered by the round.

8. CHEVENING, KNOCKHOLT BEECHES, CUDHAM, DOWNE, KESTON AND HOLWOOD PARK.

For the following long ramble it is best to choose a Wednesday, as on that day the grounds of Chevening



OLD CHEVENING.

are open to the public in the afternoons of the summer months.

Starting from the Railway Station, we turn to the right along the London Road, until the road to the farms and cottages of Force Green branches from it to the right. Passing through the hamlet, we presently reach the Pilgrims' Way, and along this we proceed through Chevening Park, as in Chapter XI.

Chevening originally belonged to a family of the same name, who were succeeded by the De la Poles, the Isleys, the Mills and the Lennards, one of whom became Lord

Dacre in 1611, and his great-grandson—Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre—was created Earl of Sussex by Charles II. The co-heiresses of the latter sold the estate, in 1717, to General Stanhope, grandson of the first Earl of Chesterfield, who was created Earl Stanhope (d. 1721).

The house is of three periods. The central portion, or main building, was erected by Inigo Jones between 1616 and 1630. The first Earl Stanhope added wings and connected them with the house by two curved galleries. Charles, third Earl, hid Inigo Jones' red bricks under a facing of cream-coloured mathematical tiles, and added a good deal of stonework about the front.

The treasures of the house are rich and rare. A fairy-like circular staircase of old oak leading from the fine entrance hall, trophies of arms and armour, numerous souvenirs of celebrated men, a library which contains 15,000 volumes, and a choice collection of pictures, are some of them. Here are paintings by Kneller, Lely, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Allan Ramsay, and other masters; here is the bed used by the great Lord Chatham—whose daughter married the third Earl Stanhope—when he stayed at Chevening, and an ancient Elizabethan bedstead from Hever Castle; here are the Waterloo telescope and other relics of the Duke of Wellington, who was the present Earl Stanhope's godfather; here are the original manuscripts of Byron's "Maid of Athens" and of Lord Chesterfield's famous letters to his son. But we must stop; even the whole of this modest volume would not suffice for a description of Chevening's attractions.



CHEVENING CHURCH.

Then there is the beautiful little Church, adjacent to the Park, chiefly Perpendicular, but with some Early-English portions. Its memorials are no less interesting. The effigies of a knight in armour and a lady, a richly-decorated altar tomb, are for John Lennard (d. 1615)

and his wife; the stately tomb of alabaster, with similar effigies under an enriched arch, are for Sampson Lennard (d. 1615) and his wife. Here, too, is a black marble tablet to the first Earl Stanhope, overhung by banners used at his public funeral. Lady Hester Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Mansfield, is commemorated by a beautiful sculpture by Sir Francis Chantrey, perhaps the finest work of its kind in this country. Among the signatures of the modern pilgrims who have inscribed their names in the Church's visitors'-book figure the bold "Napoleon" written by the late Prince Imperial, and those of George Eliot, Archbishops Tait and Benson, Lord



THE TOMB OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Wolseley, and Russell Lowell. (The keys of the Church are kept by Mrs. King, at a cottage adjoining No. 8, just opposite the churchyard gate.)

Returning from the Church to the Park, and passing on our right the rectory (Rev. A. Hall Hall, M.A.), we follow the gravel drive (Lord Chatham's Ride) until a pathway diverges from it to the left. At the top of the hill keep straight on through a wooden swing-gate into a drive in the wood which terminates in a clearing, where we turn left to a wooden gate and stile leading to a lane. Here turn to the right, and at about a quarter of a mile we find, on the left-hand bank, some steps by which one can pass through an iron swing-gate across two meadows to the clump of trees famous as Knockholt Beeches, perched on a superb view-point whence, on a clear day, the dome

of St. Paul's is visible. Continue along the path till another stile takes one into the road at the "Crown Inn," where we turn to the right and follow the road on the crest of the hill for some distance. Then we pass the little Church of Knockholt, with its stunted tower and its quaint churchyard.

Just beyond it (on the right) is a building so curious that it cannot fail to attract attention. It is being erected by an eccentric gentleman who is apparently his own architect, and, if local information be correct, his own builder to boot. The result is an unfinished edifice which defies alike classification or description. It might pass for barracks, for an infirmary, for a colossal marine signalling station. It is Titanic in proportions and bewildering in design. It bears a general appearance of having built itself when the architect's back was turned; and we understand that it will go on building itself, spasmodically and defiantly, so long as its projector lives. Returning to the Church, we take the road which skirts it to the left and leads by Lett's Green to Cudham, a locality "so wild and solitary that the tourist will have difficulty in believing himself to be less than twenty miles from London Bridge"; thence we continue straight on through Downe, where Darwin lived, to Keston, with its tiny Norman and Early-English Church, and its churchyard, where the authoress of "John Halifax" lies buried, and which contains the remarkable tomb of Lord Cranworth. Just opposite the Church is Holwood Park, with Keston and Hayes Commons adjoining.



CUDHAM CHURCH.

Its grounds are rich in natural beauty and historic interest. Besides containing "Cæsar's Camp," one of the most perfect traces of ancient fortifications, probably the site of the Brito-Roman town of Noviomagus, Holwood is celebrated as the residence of William Pitt,

afterwards Earl of Chatham; and the great object of interest is the old oak under which Pitt discussed with Wilberforce the abolition of the slave trade. A seat round the tree bears a suitable inscription. As stated in Chapter III., Pitt found a residence at Westerham whilst his Holwood home, a small brick and plaster building which was pulled down in 1823, was under repair. Holwood passed from the Pitt family to Lord Cranworth, famous as Lord Chancellor of England; who in turn left it to his cousin, Mr. Alexander, well known as a judge in India, and created C.B. for his gallant conduct during the Indian Mutiny. It is not generally known that it was to Mrs. Alexander the Queen entrusted the education and bringing up, for Her Majesty, of the Princess Victoria of Coorg, to whom, with the Queen, Mrs. Alexander was sponsor. After living at Holwood for nearly twenty years, Mrs. Alexander parted with the estate to the Earl of Derby, in whose family it now remains. There is in the house a large and curious old copper which formerly was used to melt the wax for making the great seals of England.

From Keston the return can be made by the road, noted in Chapter I., which skirts the Park on its way from Bromley to Westerham. By the time we reach the border village we should have covered some 17 miles.



KNOCKHOLT CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

For if perchance I enter there,
Life's din and turmoil cease.
And, for the moment, I am in
The pilgrim's chamber—Peace.

E. A. KELSEY.

THE pilgrims of old approached the holy city of Canterbury by three ways to worship at the shrine of Thomas Becket, martyred on December 29th, 1170. The first was that taken by Chaucer's pilgrims from London, whence it ran through Deptford, Greenwich, Rochester, and Sittingbourne. The second was used by the pilgrims who came from France, Germany and Italy, and who landed at Sandwich Haven or Dover and approached Canterbury from the south; others, especially those from Normandy and Brittany, landed at Southampton and travelled through Hants, Surrey and Kent. It is, of course, with this last route we are here concerned. By many a quiet Kentish homestead the grassy track still winds its way along the lonely hillside overlooking the blue Weald; in Surrey and Kent it still bears the historic name of the "Pilgrims' Way."

Henry II., after landing at Southampton on his return from France, made his first memorial pilgrimage to the tomb of the murdered Archbishop in 1174; and this same road, trodden during the next three centuries by thousands of less august pilgrims, may still be defined through the greater part of its course. Antiquarian researches have proved it to be an old British track, which was in use before the coming of the Romans. It may even, as some writers suppose, have been the road along which caravans of merchants brought their ingots of tin from Cornwall to be shipped at what was then the great harbour of Britain—the Rutupine Port, afterwards Sandwich Haven—and then borne overland to Massilia

and the Mediterranean shores. Ingots of tin, buried, it may be, in haste by merchants attacked on their journey by robbers, have, it is said, been dug up at various places along the route, and British earthworks have been found in its immediate neighbourhood.

The road was, there can be no doubt, used by the Romans, and all along its course remains of Roman villas, baths and pavements have been brought to light, together with large quantities of Roman coins, cinerary urns and pottery of the most varied description. In mediæval days this "tin road," as Grant Allen calls it, still remained the principal road from the West to the East of England. In 1570 part of it is described as the King's highway leading from Westerham to Shoreham; and in 1571 as "Venella," or the lane running under the hill (*subtus montem*).

It followed the long line of hills which runs through the North of Hants and across Surrey and Kent, that famous chalk ridge which has for us so many different associations, with whose scenery William Cobbett, for instance, has made us familiar in the story of his rides to and from "The Great Wen," as he pleasantly dubbed London. And it lay outside the vast, trackless and impassable forest of Anderida, which in those days still covered a great part of the south-eastern counties of England. Dean Stanley, in his account of the Canterbury pilgrimage, describes this road as a byway, and remarks that the pilgrims avoided the regular routes, "probably for the same reason as in the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, the travellers walked through byways." But the statement is misleading, and there is little doubt that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries this road was, if not the only means of communication between West and East, at least the principal thoroughfare across this part of England, and as such naturally chosen by the pilgrims to Canterbury.

Certain peculiarities, it is interesting to note, mark its course from beginning to end. It clings to the hills, and whenever it is possible avoids the marshy grounds of the valleys. It runs, not on the summit of the Downs, but about half-way up the hillside, where there is shelter from

the wind as well as sunshine under the crest of the ridge, and its course is marked by rows of yew trees, often remarkable for their size and antiquity. Some of these are at least seven or eight hundred years old, and must have reared their ancient boughs before the feet of pilgrims ever trod these paths. It has even been said that they were planted with the express purpose of guiding travellers along the road to Canterbury; but there are yews, for the most part sown by the birds, along most of the roads in chalk districts.

WESTWARDS.

From Westerham the Pilgrims' Way can be followed, though not with anything like complete continuity, west and east. In both directions it is an excuse for charming rambles, constantly presenting a changing series of beautiful views and leading through or past many a quaint and historical house and hamlet. Taking the Railway Station in the London Road as a starting point, we pass, on the left, Holmesdale College; and then, again on the left and standing well back from the highway, a farm known as Court Lodge. It is a place of some antiquity which used to go with the Manor of Westerham, and for years it was associated with the Saxby family. One Anthony, of that ilk, in 1610 left £10 to the poor of the border village. There used to be monuments in the church to this Saxby family. Soon we pass, on the right, the road to the little cluster of houses known as Force Green; and at about a mile from Westerham—just past the twentieth milestone from London—we see a picturesque cluster of hayrick, barn, cowshed and oast-house, abutting the road on the left. This is Betsomshill Farm, and it is here the Pilgrims' Way crosses our road at right angles.

Taking the western section of the Way first, we turn to the left and gradually ascend, having on our right the new Hill Park Estate. Away on our left, across the Holmesdale Valley, is seen the wooded height of Toy's Hill and the hills that stretch from it to Limpsfield Chart. Our road continues between hedges, and presently

we pass the cart track which leads to "Gasum" or "Gaysham," the farm (on the left) referred to in Chapter V. The earliest recorded possessors of it were the Shelley family, one of whom devised it to a son in 1373. About the end of Henry VI.'s reign another Shelley sold it to John Potter, by whose heiress it went to Sir John Rivers; and after passing through several other hands it was purchased, as already mentioned, by the Earl of Jersey, and has since gone with the Squerryes estate.



TATSFIELD CHURCH.

Just past it we reach the highest elevation of the way just here (560 feet); and almost immediately we cross the county boundary and enter Surrey, just where roads branch off to Tatsfield, Chelsham, Warlingham and Croydon (right) and back to Westerham (left). Continuing, we leave on our right Tatsfield Court Farm and the ivy-covered Tatsfield Rectory; and descend steeply, Tatsfield Church occasionally peeping at us from the trees away on our right.

Then we ascend, past hop-garden and orchard, to the farmstead which still preserves in its name—"Pilgrims' Lodge"—the associations of the road we are following. Formerly it was a hostelry. (The big building which looms far away on our left is the Church Missional Home at Limpsfield.) We reach the pretty little village of Titsey, an out-of-the-way gem which is as perfect a type of a picturesque Surrey hamlet as can be seen in this nineteenth century. On the left are its few old-time cottages, one still bearing the legend "E.L. 1673"; the gable end of its diminutive school, proud of its elaborate bargeboard; the empty frame where once the sign of "The Grasshopper" swung opposite an inn, now a sleepy dwelling which probably does not welcome a visitor even annually. To-day there is neither alehouse nor shop in Titsey. The red-brick house standing back from

the road is Titsey Court, where lives the bailiff of the Titsey Park domain. It may be well to seek his permission later to cross the park.

On the right is Titsey Church, a building which replaced a predecessor, built on the same site in 1776 by Sir John Gresham. Brayley was not complimentary to this former building. He described it as "a singularly mean-looking edifice of brick and stone," and probably he would have rejoiced to see the present church, built in the Early-English and Decorated style, in 1861, from the designs of J. L. Pearson. Its lofty situation, its sheltering trees, its lych-gate, its whole surroundings, make it notable even among the many noteworthy churches hereabouts. It has some of the relics from the old church, including the brass for William Gresham, referred to in Chapter II.; and memorials to the Leveson-Gower family, the most recent being to the late Granville Leveson-Gower, F.S.A., the well-known antiquarian.



TITSEY CHURCH.

Between the Church and Titsey Park a road runs (right) to Croydon, about 10 miles away, and (left) to Limpsfield, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To follow the Pilgrims' Way we must cross the park, leaving Titsey Place on our right. Few places in this part of Surrey are more attractive than this old house of the Greshams. The purity of the air, long ago praised by Aubrey for its virtues, the health-giving breezes of the surrounding downs and commons,

the natural loveliness of the place and the taste with which the park and gardens have been laid out, all help to make Titsey a delightful spot. The beautiful woods stretch along the grassy slopes of Botley Hill above us, and the clump of trees on the height known as Cold Harbour Green is 881 feet above the sea, and marks the loftiest point in the whole range of the North Downs. Wherever the eye rests one ridge of wooded hill after



TITSEY PLACE.

another seems to rise and melt away into the soft blue haze.

Nor is there lack of other attractions to invite the attention of scholar and antiquary. The place is full of historic associations. A wealth of antiquities—coins, urns, pottery, and the like—has been dug up in the park, and the remains of Roman buildings, close to the Pilgrims' Way, were discovered there a few years ago. After the Conquest Titsey was given to the great Earls of Clare, who owned the property at the time of the Domesday survey. In the fourteenth century it belonged to the Uvedale family, and two hundred years later was sold to Sir John Gresham, the illustrious merchant of Queen Elizabeth's court with whose name we are already

familiar. A fine portrait of Sir Thomas himself, by Sir Antonio More, now hangs in the dining-room of Titsey Place.

Unfortunately the Greshams suffered for their loyalty to Charles I., and after the civil wars Sir Marmaduke Gresham was forced to sell a large part of his lands. His son, Sir John, succeeded in partly retrieving the fortunes of the family, and rebuilt and enlarged the old manor house, which had been allowed to fall into a ruinous state. But the Tudor arches of the former mansion still remain, as well as much of the fine oak panelling which adorned its walls, and the Gresham crest—the grasshopper—may still be seen in the hall chimney-piece. The late Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower was a lineal descendant from the Greshams, his grandfather having, in 1804, married the sole daughter and heiress of Sir John Gresham. The old Norman Church which preceded Brayley's "mean-looking edifice" was, it must be lastingly regretted, pulled down in the past century, because Sir John Gresham thought it stood too near his house! But an old yew in the garden, and some tombstones of early Norman date, still mark its site.

The course of the old Pilgrims' Way through the park is marked by a double row of fine ash-trees, and it is said that the flint stones with which it was paved still exist under the turf. After entering the park from Titsey we cross a bridge, get a glimpse of Titsey Place, and leave a circular cricket ground on our right. The line of the Pilgrims' Way can be traced as a slight depression at the bottom of the slope on the high side of this ground, and we follow it, with more or less certainty, until we leave the park at a farm opposite Limpsfield Lodge, another ancient house. Here the old way formed the farm road until 1875, was at this point about ten feet wide, and the original hedges remained. But now it may be laboriously traced only for a short distance further, constant ploughing up having practically obliterated it. We must, so far as descriptive detail is concerned, leave it here, and a return may be made by keeping the park boundary on our left and descending to Limpsfield and to the turnpike road from Godstone to Westerham.

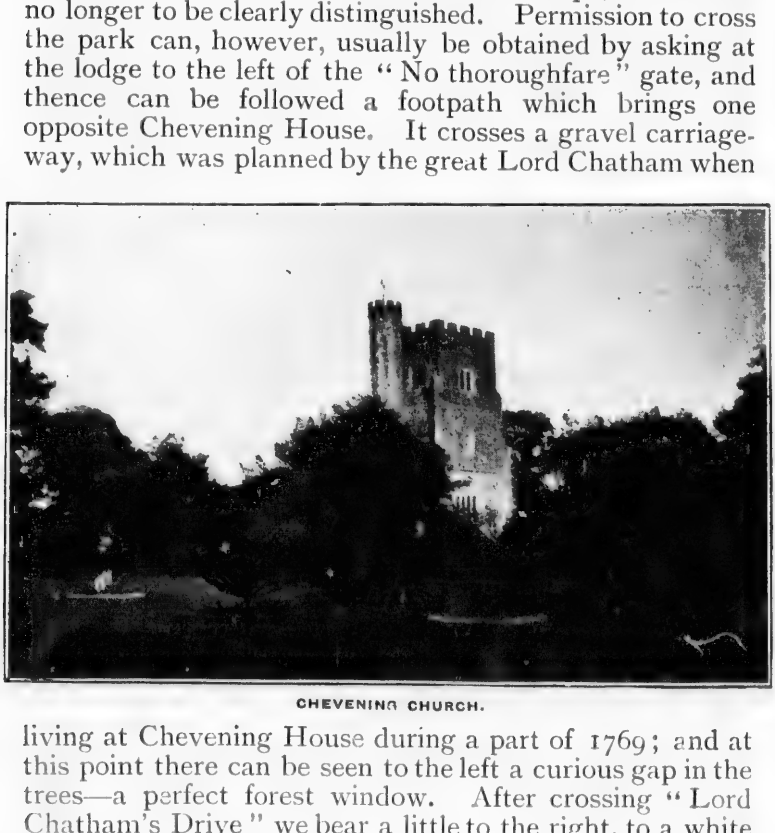
The hardier pedestrian may continue on to Palmer's Wood, a name which at once suggests that he has again struck the track of the pilgrims. Here it is very clearly defined, and in 1890, when water-pipes were being laid, a section of the paved road was cut across. Then past Winder's Hill, and we follow the old way into the woods above Godstone quarries, and so on by Godstone and Merstham to Gatton. Like Seal, the old Church at Titsey, and the present one at Chevening, Gatton was originally a pilgrims' church. Then Reigate, which takes its name from its position on the Pilgrims' Way ("Rigegate," the ridge road), whence the modern pilgrim may still wander on, for the ancient track can yet be traced by Albury, Shalford, Compton and Alton, right away to its starting-point at Winchester.

EASTWARDS.

It is another delightful excursion along the Pilgrims' Way to the east of Westerham. One turns to the right where it intersects the London Road, an ancient yew marking the commencement of the journey. Presently we note, on the left, a lonely upright—like a derelict telegraph pole—which warns us we are crossing the rifle range, and anon we pass (on the left) another "Pilgrims' House," just beyond which a road runs to the right, through Force Green, back to Westerham. The square tower of Brasted Church comes into view on the right, and on the left we pass a cluster of three cottages, one bearing the announcement that "Wm. Collins built this houfe in the yeare 1764." A cross road here leads (left) up the euphoniously-named Hogtrough Hill, and (right) to Brasted.

The picturesque farm on the right, just beyond, is another "Court Lodge"; and beyond that again, at 3 miles from Westerham, is a sign-post which directs us to Knockholt and its famous beeches, 1¼ miles away on the left, and to Brasted, a mile to the right. Then, on the left, just before entering Chevening Park, we pass the drive of Shootfield House, and again cross a road which skirts the park and leads by a delightful route to Knockholt.

The Pilgrims' Way entered the park where there is now a red gate marked "No thoroughfare." As at Titsey, it formerly crossed the park and passed close to the house, but it was closed by virtue of a special Act of Parliament obtained in 1780 by a former Lord Stanhope, and is now no longer to be clearly distinguished. Permission to cross the park can, however, usually be obtained by asking at the lodge to the left of the "No thoroughfare" gate, and thence can be followed a footpath which brings one opposite Chevening House. It crosses a gravel carriage-way, which was planned by the great Lord Chatham when



CHEVENING CHURCH.

living at Chevening House during a part of 1769; and at this point there can be seen to the left a curious gap in the trees—a perfect forest window. After crossing "Lord Chatham's Drive" we bear a little to the right, to a white gate through which the park can be left without the sojourner having put himself too obtrusively "in evidence" from the windows of the house. (It may be useful to note that a public footpath leads from this gate through the park, crosses the gravel drive where there is a clump of three trees, and leads by an attractively unconventional way to Knockholt Beeches.)

Thence the way descends into the valley of the Darenth, crosses that river, and regains the hills at Otford. From this place it runs along under the hills in one unbroken line all the way to Eastwell Park, between Ashford and Canterbury. It is a good bridle-road, somewhat grass-grown in places, in others enclosed by hedges and still used by farmers for their carts. Before toll-bars were abolished, there was a good deal of traffic along this part of the Pilgrims' Way, which, running as it does parallel with the turnpike road along the valley to Ashford, was much used as a means of evading the payment of toll. That cause is now removed, and except for the hunting man who makes use of the soft track along the hill-side, or a camp of gipsies sitting around their fire, waggoners and ploughmen are the only wayfarers to be met with along the Pilgrims' Road. But the old name still clings to the track, and as long as the squires of Kent have any respect for the traditions of the past they will not allow the ancient route to be abolished.

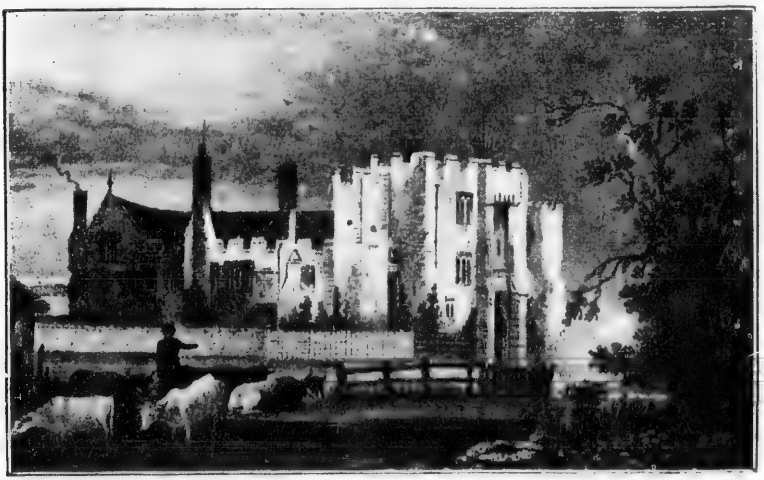
In actual beauty this portion of the Way may not surpass parts of it in Surrey, but it has appealing charms of its own. These steep slopes and wooded hollows, where "small fowles maken melodie," these grand old church towers and quaint village streets, these homesteads with their vast barns of massive timber and tall chimney-stacks overshadowed with oaks and beeches, cannot fail to delight the eyes of all who find pleasure in rural scenes and country life. And all around us we have that noble prospect, over the wide plains and the dim blue weald beyond, which is seldom absent as we follow this narrow track along the rugged hill-side.

In historic interest and precious memorials of the past, this portion of the Pilgrims' Way is surpassingly rich. Endless are the famous places that lie in our way, the great names and stirring events which these scenes recall—battle-fields where memorable fights were fought in days of long ago, churches and lands that were granted to the Archbishops or Abbots of Canterbury before the Conquest, manor houses which our kings and queens have visited in the years of yore. All these things, and many more of equal interest and renown, will the traveller find

as he follows the Pilgrims' Way along the chalk hills which form the backbone of Kent.

The first resting-place which the pilgrims would find on this part of their route would be the Archbishop's manor house at Otford. There were no less than fifteen of these episcopal residences in different parts of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, and of these three lay along the Kentish portion of the Pilgrims' Way. The palace at Otford possessed an especial sanctity in the eyes of wayfarers journeying to the shrine of St. Thomas, as it was once the residence of the martyred Archbishop himself.

From Otford the Pilgrims' Way runs along the edge of the hills, about half a mile above the villages of Kemsing and Wrotham; passes close to St. Clere (Sir Mark Collet), a mansion built by Inigo Jones; and for many a mile winds on, unfolding as it progresses an ever-varying panorama. Past Hollingbourne and Lenham it goes, past Godmersham and Harbledown, until finally it ends at its destination at Canterbury.



OLD HEVER CASTLE.

CHAPTER XII.

WESTERHAM FOR WALTONIANS.

Down to where the willer tips
Thet above the river lean,
Long an' slim like buggy-whips,
Tap the water with their green.
Hol' your breath an' wait, an' then,
Ketch yourself half listenin'
To a bird that shouts an' sings
'Cause the sun has teched its wings.

* * * *

Work him over to the shore—
Get him safe upon your string—
Hurry back and try for more—
Fishin' jes beats anything!—ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

WESTERHAM has strong claims on the attention of anglers, for it is within easy distance of the Medway and the Darenth, waters both worthy to be loved of Waltonians. Hereunder are set forth in two sections some practical details concerning them:—

I.—FLY FISHING ON THE DARENTH.

BY J. PAUL TAYLOR.

As a playground for the London fly-fisher there is no spot so charming as the valley of the Darenth, along which the little river winds like a silver thread Thames-ward from its source at Westerham.

It is true that trout, and of course dace and chub, may be caught from the Thames, the Lea and the Coln within similar distances of Town, but on most parts of these rivers the trout is the exception and coarse fish the rule, while the Darenth, at least in its upper reaches, contains little but trout. The only real rival to our Kentish river is the Wandle—not, alas! so silvery as of yore—and that stream is now so highly rented that a rod upon a short stretch costs as much per annum as a good hunter. At present the millionaires have mostly let the Darenth

alone, and angling there is still obtainable on reasonable terms.

Among the various bits of water within easy distances of Westerham, and available to the public either by the day or the season, the section attached to "The Plough" at Eynsford deserves, to our mind, the first place. The little inn is actually on the gravelly banks of the rushing stream, the road only passing between. The cost of a day ticket is 2*s.* 6*d.* The season begins at Easter and ends on August 31; but this is dependent on the decision of the owner (Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P.).

The length of water available for anglers is about 300 yards, on one side only, and consists of a rapid rippling stream running parallel with the road for a few yards, and then turning sharply to the left—forming as it does so a capital pool—and going under the road through a stone bridge. After this the stream turns a small mill, in the tail of which trout are often taken, and then borders a meadow and soon quiets down into a sober little river again. This meadow belongs to "The Plough," and some good trout may still sometimes be taken from it, though the stream here is not so good as it was, owing perhaps to the constant attention it receives from the cottagers whose gardens run down to its margin on the other side.

The angler, having deposited his traps at "The Plough," will naturally want to know where and how to begin his sport. The answer depends on the degree of skill he may possess. If his practice has been chiefly in Scotland or Devonshire, among small trout, his best chance will be to put up a cast such as he has been accustomed to, but as fine as he can find, and to whip the rough water from the inn to the pool, just as if he were on a moorland burn.

He is almost sure to raise some fish, if it is at all early in the season, and quite likely to land a brace or two in the course of the day, though he must never expect such sport as can be had on remote moors.

It must be remembered also that most of the trout thus taken will have to be returned, for the limit of 10 inches must be strictly adhered to.

As the angler reaches the pool he will find the "wet-fly" style of little use; and he may then either attempt dry-fly fishing, and hope to succeed after careful practice, or he may cross into the meadow and cast across into the rough stream below the mill. It is only for the first few yards that this is adapted for his style, and having tried it, nothing remains but to go back to the water he has already fished.

For a man who prefers the dry-fly style, the programme is quite different. He will leave the rough stream with its troutlets disdainfully alone; and proceed at once to the pool, where he will perhaps succeed in spotting a good fish on the move. If so, he will endeavour, by wading if necessary, to get into position. Then, selecting a fly as like that on the water as possible, he will, stooping humbly, approach his quarry from below, though the eddies make this difficult; and may ultimately get the fly to float over its nose, in which case the trout may take it, though in such a well-fished stream the chance is but remote. Once hooked, the trout should be secured, for the only danger lies in the snags on the further side, from which any skilled hand can keep the pound fish which is likely to be hooked.

For this fishery the months of May and June are in every respect preferable, for though the dry-fly will account for some very good fish in July and August, on occasions when quietness can be obtained, these chances may be rare, as Eynsford suffers during the holiday season from its reputation as a show village; and the stream of visitors up and down its banks is almost as constant as that of the water in its riverbed.

Not that this state of things prevents a certain degree of success, if the angler has the nerve to persevere in the face, for instance, of a school-treat, mostly in the water. We have taken trout in some numbers, though of small size, with the fly, while boys were wading in the water and pelting one another with stones. The fish are here used to a commotion, and will even take a fly while a cart, followed by a big dog, is crossing the ford. Nevertheless, such fishing is not one's ideal; and if pleasant sport, with only moderate publicity, is wanted, the angler

should visit "The Plough" in the early part of the season.

He will find it wise to bring waders, as the pool, which is by far the best spot for the larger fish and is full also of smaller ones, is very difficult to fish from the bank, owing to the perplexing eddies running through it. The best flies are the olive dun, and the hare's ear and black gnat, for dry-fly, and the governor and coch y bondu for wet; while the soldier-palmer answers well in coloured water and the coachman and sedges are always good for late evening fishing.

To an angler accustomed to Medway fishing the Darenth will be found a marked contrast. Instead of muddy banks and deep still pools of dark and often thick water, he will find as a rule a beautiful alternation of gravelly shallow and swirling eddy, with an occasional pool of moderate depth, and even in this last the bottom is usually visible.

Very often the trout are not so, but when the novice has learnt how to approach them it will be found easy enough to discern their vibrating fins and spotted sides, as they poise themselves near the surface of the eddies, awaiting a passing fly.

The secret of seeing trout is very simple:—always walk up stream, and very slowly, making no unnecessary movements, treading softly as if you were a-burgling, approaching no nearer than is unavoidable, while you take advantage of any cover available and stoop humbly on occasion.

These devices may be useful to the naturalist as well as to the angler, and it may be added that the best way of all, if time and weather permit, is to lie down among the herbage close to a favourite trout haunt and wait quietly till the scared creatures return to their natural occupations. You will thus be certain to see, not only the trout, but many other interesting aborigines under natural conditions, and, besides the vole and the wag-tail, may have a glimpse of a heron or sight the brilliant blue flash of the kingfisher as he seeks his mate.

The Darenth above Eynsford as far as the bridge about half-way to Shoreham, which forms the boundary of Lullingstone Park water, also belongs to Sir William

Hart Dyke. This includes the lake opposite Lullingstone Castle, and we know of no more delightful trout-fishing in England, though the fish do not average large (seldom exceeding a pound and a-half), and take some catching.

Sir William is very liberal in giving permission to anglers duly provided with an introduction; but it should be specially noted that it is useless for strangers to apply, as letters have become so numerous of late years that to give leave, even for a day, to all (or nearly all) would have entirely spoilt the fishing.

Beyond the bridge, and as far as Mr. Wilmot's mill at Shoreham, the fishing belongs to Mr. Mildmay. During the last few years it has been underlet to a club, each member paying 19 guineas a season.

It has been a first-rate fishing, the trout being as numerous as those below, and averaging rather larger; but last year was not a good one. The little bit of water belonging to Shoreham Mill contains but few fish, and consists chiefly of a deep mill-dam. Still there are good trout there to our knowledge, and Mr. Wilmot is very liberal in giving permission to anglers who make proper application at his house, between the mill and the station. Above the mill-water is a little bit which is free; but in which, as it runs through the village, it is difficult to find a fish, and harder still to catch it.

The best place is in the rough stream under a small waterfall made by the river as it emerges from the grounds of Shoreham Place.

Within these grounds the fishing is partly reserved, we understand, for Mr. Mildmay's friends, but the club before mentioned is permitted to fish most of this water, besides that below.

Between the boundary of the park belonging to Shoreham Place and the old disused mill near Dunton Green station on the S.E.R., and not far from Otford on the L.C. & D.R., the water is rented partly by Mr. Freeman the contractor, and is let by him to anglers by the season.

Passing a piece of the river which is rendered useless by lime works and brick-fields, we come to Longford

